

THE GREAT BRITISH
 ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
 OF LONDON
 IN THE CITY OF LONDON



CHANCEY VOL.
 And the other of the same
 His part that was
 and the other of the same

London Printed for John Bell, British Library Febr 78 + 1788.



Gal 11 Da

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From Urry's Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From Tyrwhitt's Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of ditees and of fonges glade,
The which he---- made,
The londe fullfilled is over all.

GOWER.

My maister CHAUCER----chiefe poete of Bretayne----
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre----
That made first to dyspyle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence
Into our tunge thurgh his excellence.

LYDGATE.

The honour of English tong is dede----
My mayster CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirroure of fructuous entendement,
Universel sadir in science----

This londis verray tresour and richesse----

The firste fynder of our fayre langage.

OCCLEVE.

Venerabill CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, orlege and reguler,
In eloquence balme, condict and diall,
My lky fountane, clere strand, and rois riall,
Of fresche endite throw Albioun iland braid.

DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! rose of rethouris all,
As in oure tounge flour imperial
That raise in Brittain evir, quha reidis right
Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The fresche enamilt termes celestiall:
This mater couth half illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every tounge terrestriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnichte.

DUNBAR.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFF. CHAUCER.
IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.
THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
THE CANTERBURY TALES



POWER

LYDOTE

OCCEAVE

DRUGLAS

VOL V
EDINBURGH
AT THE SCOTCH BOOKS, BY THE MARRIAGE
JAN 1821

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS
CANTERBURY TALES, viz.

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE, | THE MANCIPILES TALE,
THE SECOND NONNES TALE, | THE PERSONES TALE,
THE CHAN. YEMANNE TALE,

&c. &c. &c.

But natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale sain,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lewedly
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath sayd hem in swiche English as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not sayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath sayd hem in another----
Who so that wol his large Volume seke. TALES, ver. 4465.

Dan CHAUCER, well of English undefil'd,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd----
Old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell----
He whilst he lived was the soveraigne head
Of shepherds all-----

SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades
Darkness again the age invades.

DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
He sang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each estate and age
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying-----

Him who in times-----
Dark and untaught began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

AKENSIDE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE NONNES PREESTES PROL.

Ho! quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of this;
That ye han said is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel hevinessse 14775
Is right ynough to mochel folk I gessle.

I say for me it is a gret difese
Wher as men have ben in gret welth and ese
To heren of hir soden fall, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret solas, 14780
As whan a man hath ben in poure estat,
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in prosperitee:
Swich thing is gladfom as it thinketh me,
And of swiche thing were goodly for to telle. 14785

Ye, quod our Hoste, by Seint Poules belle
Ye say right soth: this Monk hath clapped loude;
He spake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie 14790
It is for to bewailen ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han said, to here of hevinessse.
Sire Monk, no more of this, so God you blesse;
Your Tale anoyeth all this compaignie; 14795
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,

For therin is ther no disport ne game;
 Therfore Sire Monk, Dan Piers by your name,
 I pray you hertely tell us somwhat elles,
 For likerly n ore clinking of your belles 1480
 That on your bridel hange on every side,
 By heven king, that for us alle dide,
 I shuld er this have fallen down for slepe,
 Although the slough had ben never so depe,
 Than hadde your Tale all ben tolde in vain: 14805
 For certainly, as that thise clerkes sain,
 Wher as a man may have non audiente
 Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence;
 And wel I wote the substance is in me
 If any thing shal wel reported be. 14810
 Sire, say somwhat of hunting I you pray.

Nay, quod this Monk, I have not lust to play:
 Now lette another telle as I have told.

Than spake oure Hoste with rude speche and bold,
 And sayd unto the Nonnes Preeft anon, 14815
 Come nere, thou Preeft, come hither, thou Sire John;

✧. 14811. *say somwhat of hunting*] For the propriety of this request see the note on ver. 166 of the Monkes character.

✧. 14816. *thou Sire John*] I know not how it has happened that in the principal modern languages John (or its equivalent) is a name of contempt, or at least of slight. So the Italians use *Gianni*, from whence *Zani*, the Spaniards *Juan*, as *Bobo Juan*, a foolish John, the French *Jean*, with various additions, and in English when we call a man a *John* we do not mean it as a title of honour. Chaucer, in ver. 3708, uses *Jacke Fool* as the Spaniards do *Bobo Juan*, and I suppose *Jack Ass* has the same etymology.—The title of *Sire* was usually given, by courtesy, to priests both secular and regular.

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE

Telle us swiche thing as may our hertes glade:
 Be blithe although thou ride upon a jader
 What though thin horse be bothe foule and lene?
 If he wol serve thee recke thee not a bene; 14820
 Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.
 Yes, Hoste, quod he, so mote I ride or go
 But I be mery ywis I wol be blamed
 And right anon his Tale he hath attamed;
 And thus he said unto us everich on, 14825
 This swete Preeft, this goodly man, Sire John.

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

A Poure widewe, somdel stoupen in age,
 Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage
 Beside a grove stonding in a dale.
 This widewe, which I tell you of my Tale, 14830
 Sin thilke day that she was last a wif
 In patience led a ful simple lif,
 For litel was hire catel and hire rente;
 By husbondry of swiche as God hire sente
 She found hireself and eke hire doughtren two.
 Three large sowes had she, and no mo, 14836
 Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle:
 Ful sooty was hire boure and eke hire halle,
 In which she ete many a slender mele;
 Of poinant sauce ne knew she never a dele: 14840

The Nonnes Preestes Tale] Of a cock and a hen; the moral
 whereof is to embrace true friends, and to beware of flatter-
 ers. Urry.

No deintee morfel passed thurgh hire throte;
 Hire diete was accordant to hire cote;
 Repletion ne made hire never fike;
 Attentre diete was all hire phyfike,
 And exercise, and hertes fuffisance : 1484
 The goute let hire nothing for to dance,
 Ne apoplexie fhente not hire hed :
 No win ne dranke she nyther white ne red :
 Hire bord was ferved moft with white and black,
 Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lack,
 Seinde bacon, and fomtime an ey or twey, 1485
 For she was as it were a maner dey.

A yerd she had enclosed all about
 With ftickes, and a drie diche without,
 In which she had a cok highte Chaunteclere, 1485
 In all the land of crowing n'as his pere :
 His vois was merier than the mery orgon
 On mafle daies that in the chirches gon :

¶ 14852. *a maner dey*] A kind of *dey* ; but what a *dey* was it is not eafy to determine precifely : it is mentioned as the laft fpecies of labourers in husbandry in the flat. 25 Edw. III. ft. i. c. 1. ; “*Qe chescun charetter, caruer, chaceour des carues, bercher, porcher, deye, et tous autres feryantz.*”—And again in the flat. 37 Edw. III. c. 14. ; “*Item, qe charetters, charuers, chaceours des carues, bovers, vachiers, berchers, porchers, deyes, et tous autres gardeins des beftes, bateurs des bleez, et toutes maneres des genz d’eflate de garfon entendantz a husbandrie.*”—It probably meant originally a day-labourer in general, though it may fince have been ufed to denote particularly the fuperintendent of a *dayerie*. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Daeria*, *Dayeria*, *Dagafcalci*.

¶ 14857. *the mery orgon*] This is put licentiously for organs or organs. It is plain from *gon* in the next line that Chau-

Wel likerer was his crowing in his loge
 Than is a klok or any abbey orloge; 14860
 By nature he knew eche ascentioun
 Of the equinoctial in thilke toun,
 For whan degrees fiftene were ascended
 Than crew he that it might not ben amended.

His combe was redder than the fin corall, 14865
 Enbattelled as it were a castel wall;
 His bill was black, and as the jet it shone,
 Like asure were his legges and his tone,
 His nailes whiter than the lily flour;
 And like the burned gold was his colour. 14870

This gentil cok had in his governance
 Seven hennes for to don all his plesance,
 Which were his susters and his paramoures,
 And wonder like to him as of colourès,
 Of which the fairest, hewed in the throte, 14875
 Was cleped faire Damofelle Pertelote.

cer meant to use this word as a plural, from the Lat. Gr. *organum*; he uses it so in ver. 15602.

And while that the organs maden melodie.—

*. 14876. *Was cleped faire Damofelle Pertelote*] I suspect that *faire* has been added by some one who was unnecessarily alarmed for the metre.—After this verse the edit. (except Ca. 1.) have the two following;

He fetthered her a hundred times a day,

And she him pleaseth all that ever she may—

but as I found them in only two mss. *HA.* and *D.*, I was glad to leave them out as an injudicious interpolation. See below, ver. 15183.—Whoever wishes to see a great deal of uncertain etymology concerning the name *Pertelote* may consult Gl. *V.* in *v. Pertelot*.

Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire,
 And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,
 Sithen the day that she was sevennight old,
 That trewelich she hath the herte in hold. 14880
 Of Chaunteclere, loken in every lith;
 He loved hire so that wel was him therwith;
 But swiche a joye it was to here hem sing,
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to spring,
 In swete accord, My lefe is fare in lond. 14885

For thilke time, as I have underflond,
 Bestes and briddes couden speke and sing.
 And so befell that in a dawening
 As Chaunteclere among his wives alle
 Sate on his perche that was in the halle, 14890
 And next him sate his faire Pertelote,
 This Chaunteclere gan gronen in his throte
 As man that in his dreame is dretched fore;
 And whan that Pretelote thus herd him rore
 She was agast, and saide, Herte derel 14895
 What aileth you to grone in this manere?
 Ye ben a veray sleper, fy for shame!

And he answered and sayde thus; Madame,

*. 14881. *loken in every lith*] Locked in every limb. The
 editt. read *loking*.—*Loken* is used by Occleve in the first of his
 poems mentioned in n. on ver. 5002.;

Lette was the erles chamber dore unloken,
 To which he came, and sonde it was not *loken*.

*. 14885. *My lefe is fare in lond*] *Fare* or *faren*, gone. So
 the best mss. Ed. Ca. 2, reads—*fer*. It is not easy to determine
 which of these is the true reading, unless we should recover
 the old song from which this passage seems to be quoted.

I pray you that ye take it not agrefe;
 By God me mette I was in swiche mischefe 1490
 Right now, that yet min herte is fore afright.
 Now God (quod he) my fweven recche aright,
 And kepe my body out of foule prisoun.

Me mette how that I romed up and down
 Within our yerde, wher as I saw a beste 1490
 Was like an hound, and wold han made areste
 Upon my body, and han had me ded:
 His colour was betwix yelwe and red,
 And tipped was his tail and both his eres
 With black, unlike the remenant of his heres: 14910
 His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey;
 Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey:
 This caused me my groning douteles.

Away, quod she; fy on you herteles!
 Alas! quod she, for by that God above 14915
 Now han ye lost myn herte and all my love:
 I cannot love a coward by my faith;
 For certes, what so any woman faith,

¶ 14914. *Away*, quod she] I have here inadvertently followed the printed copies; but instead of *Away* the best mss. read *Avoy*, which is more likely to have been used by Chaucer. The word occurs frequently in the French *Fabliaux*, &c. See t. ii. p. 243, 5. The vocabulary at the end of that volume renders *Avoy* *belas*; but it seems to signify no more than our *Away*! The Italians use *Via*! in the same manner. *Roman de Troye*, ms.;

Lors dit Thoas, *Avoi, avoi!*

Sire Achilles, vous dites mal.

We all desiren, if it mighte be,
 To have an husband hardy, wise, and free, 14910
 And secree, and non niggard ne no fool,
 Ne him that is agast of every tool,
 Ne non avantour by that God above,
 How dorsten ye for shame say to your love
 That any thing might maken you aserde? 14925
 Han ye no mannes herte and han a berde?
 Alas! and con ye ben agast of swevenis?
 Nothing but vanitee, God wote, in swevenis.

Swevenes engendren of repletions,
 And oft of fume, and of complexions, 14930
 Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.
 Certes this dreame which ye han met to-night
 Cometh of the grete superfluitee
 Of youre rede colera parde,
 Which causeth folk to dreden in hir dremes 14935
 Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,
 Of rede bestes that they wol hem bite,
 Of conteke, and of waspes gret and lite,
 Right as the humour of melancolie
 Causeth ful many a man in slepe to crie 14940
 For fere of bolles and of beres blake,
 Or elles that blake devils wol hem take.
 Of other humours coud I telle also,
 That werken many a man in slepe moch wo;
 But I wol passe as lightly as I can. 14945
 Lo Caton, which that was so wise a man,

¶ 14946. *Lo Caton*] L. ii. dist. 32.; *Somnia ne cures*. I ob-

Said he not thus? Ne do no force of dremes.

Now, Sire, quod she, whan we flee fro the bemes

For Goddes love as take som laxatif:

Up peril of my soul and of my lif. 14950

I conseil yau the best, I wol not lie,

That both of coler and of melancolie

Ye purge you; and for ye shul not tario,

Though in this town be non apotecarie,

I shal myself two herbes techen you. 14955

That shal be for your hele and for your grow,

And in our yerde the herbes shall I finde,

The which han of hir propretee by kinde

To purgen you benethe and eke above.

Sire, forgete not this for Goddes love; 14960

Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;

Ware that the sonne in his ascencion

Ne finde you not replete of humours hote;

And if it do I dare wel lay a grote

That ye shul han a fever tertiane, 14965

Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.

A day or two ye shul han digestives

Of wormes or ye take your laxatives,

Of laureole, centaurie, and fumetere,

Or elles of ellebor that groweth there, 14970

serve, by the way, that this distich is quoted by John of Salisbury, *Polycrat.* l. ii. c. 16, as a precept *virī sapientis*. In another place, l. vii. c. 9, he introduces his quotation of the first verse of dist. 20, l. iii, in this manner; "*Ait vel Cato, vel alius, 'nam autor incertus est.'*"

Of catapuce or of gaitre beries,
 Or herbe iwe growing in our yerd that mery is;
 Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.
 Beth mery, husbond; for your fader kin
 Dredeth no dreme: I can say you no more. 14975

Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore;
 But natheles as touching Dan Caton,
 That hath of wisdom swiche a gret renoun,
 Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,
 By God men moun in olde bookes rede 14980
 Of many a man more of auctoritee
 Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,
 That all the revers sayn of his sentence,
 And han wel founden by experience
 That dremes ben significations 14985
 As wel of joye as tribulations
 That folk enduren in this lif present:
 Ther nedeth make of this non argument;
 The veray preve sheweth it indede.

On of the grettest auctours that men rede 14990
 Saith thus, that whilom twey felawes wente
 On pilgrimage in a ful good entente,

†. 14971. *catapuce*] *Catapuzza*, Ital. *catapuce*, Fr. a kind of
 spurge.

†. 14990. *On of the grettest auctours*] Cicero [*de Divin.* l. i. c. 27.] relates this and the following story, but in a contrary order, and with so many other differences that one might be led to suspect that he was here quoted at second hand, if it were not usual with Chaucer in these stories of familiar life to throw in a number of natural circumstances not to be found in his original authors.

And happed so they came into a town
 Wher ther was swiche a congregatioun
 Of peple, and eke so streit of herbergage,
 That they ne founde as moche as a cotage
 In which they bothe might ylogged be,
 Wherfore they musten of necessitee,

As for that night, departen compaignie,
 And eche of hem goth to his hosterie,
 And toke his logging as it wolde falle.

That on of hem was logged in a stalle,
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough,
 That other man was logged wel ynough,
 As was his aventure or his fortune,
 That us governeth all, as in commune.

And so befell that long or it were day
 This man met in his bed ther as he lay,
 How that his felaw gan upon him calle,
 And said, Alas! for in an oxes stalle
 This night shal I be mordred ther I lie,
 Now help me, dere brother! or I die.
 In alle haste come to me, he saide.

This man out of his slepe for fere abraide,
 But whan that he was waked of his slepe,
 He turned him, and toke of this no kepe,
 Him thought his dreme was but a vanitee.
 Thus twies in his sleeping dreamed he,

And at the thridde time yet his felaw
 Came, as him thought, and said, I now am slaw!

Behold my bloody woundes depe and wide; 15021
 Arise up erly in the morwe tide;
 And at the west gate of the town (quod he) 15022
 A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,
 In which my body is hid prively; 15023
 Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
 My gold caused my mordre, soth to fain; 15024
 And told him every point how he was slain
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe;
 And trusteth wel his dreme he found ful trewe;
 For on the morwe as sone as it was day 15031
 To his felawes inne he toke his way,
 And whan that he came to this oxes stalle
 After his felaw he began to calle.

The hosteler answered him anon; 15035
 And faide, Sire, your felaw is agon;
 As sone as day he went out of the town.
 This man gan fallen in suspicioun,
 Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
 And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette; 15040
 Unto the west gate of the town; and fonded
 A donge tarte as it went for to dong lond;
 That was arraied in the same wise
 As ye han herde the dede man devise;
 And with an harde herte he gan to crie; 15045
 Vengeance and justice of this felonie;
 My felaw mordre is this same night;
 And in this tarte he lith gaping upright.

I crie out on the ministres, quod he,

That shulden kepe and reulen this citee: 15050

Harow! alas! here lith my felaw slain.

What shuld I more unto this tale say?

The peple out stert and cast the cart to ground,

And in the middel of the dong they found

The dede man that mordre was all newe. 15055

O blisful God! that art so good and trewe,

Lo, how that thou bewreyest mordre alway!

Mordre wol out, that seest we day by day;

Mordre is so wlatfom and abhominable

To God, that is so just and resonable, 15060

That he ne wol not suffre it hyllid be;

Though it abide a yere, or two or thre,

Mordre wol out; this is my conelusion,

And right anon the ministres of the town

Han hent the carter, and so sore him pined, 15065

And eke the hosteler so sore engined,

That they beknew hir wickednesse anon,

And were anhangid by the necke bon.

Here moun ye see that dremes ben to drede.

And certes in the same book I rede, 15070

Right in the nexte chapitre after this,

(I gabbe not, so have I joye and blis)

Two men that wold han passed over the see,

For certain cause, in to a fer contree,

If that the wind ne hadde ben contrarie, 15075

That made hem in a litce for to tarie

That stood ful mery upon an haven side :
 But on a day, agein the even tide,
 The wind gan change, and blew right as hem lest :
 Jolif and glad they wenten to hir rest,
 And casten hem fel erly for to saile;
 But to that o man fel a gret mervaille.

That on of hem in sleping as he lay
 He mette a wonder dreame again the day :
 Him thought a man stood by his beddes side,
 And him commanded that he shuld abide,
 And said him thus; If thou to-morwe wende
 Thou shalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.

He woke, and told his felaw what he met;
 And praied him his viage for to let;
 As for that day he prayd him for to abide.

His felaw, that lay by his beddes side,
 Gan for to laugh, and scorned him ful faste;
 No dreame, quod he, may so my herte agaste
 That I wol leten for to do my thinges;
 I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
 For swevens ben but vanitees and japes;
 Men dreame al day of oules and of apes,
 And eke of many a mase therwithal;
 Men dreame of thing that never was ne shal.
 But sith I see that thou wolt here abide,
 And thus forslouthen wilfully thy tide,
 God wot it reweth me; and have good day;
 And thus he took his leve, and went his way.

But or that he had half his cours yfailed,
 N'ot I not why ne what meschance it ailed,
 But casuelly the shippes bottom rente,
 And ship and man, under the water wente
 In sight of other shippes ther beside,
 That with him failed at the same tide.

And therefore, faire Pertelote so dere,
 By swiche ensamples olde maist thou lere
 That no man shulde be to reccheles
 Of dremes, for I say thee douteles
 That many a dreme ful sore is for to drede.

Lo, in the lif of Seint Kenelme lrede,
 That was Kenulphus sone, the noble King
 Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.
 A litel or he were mordred on a day
 His mordre in his avision he say;
 His norice him expounded every del
 His sweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel
 Fro treson; but he n'as but seven yere old,
 And therefore litel tale hath he told

Of any dreme, so holy was his herte.
 By God I hadde lever than my sherte
 That ye had red his legend as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I say you trewely,
 Macrobius, that writ the avision
 In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,

¶ 15116. *Seint Kenelme*] See his life in all the editt. of the
 English Golden Legende.

Affirmeth dremes, and sayth that they ben
Warning of thinges that men after seen.

And forthermore, I pray you loketh wel
In The Olde Testament of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee:

Rede eke of Joseph, and ther shuln ye see
Wher dremes ben somtime (I say not alle)
Warning of thinges that shuln after falle.

Loke of Egypt the king, Dan Pharaos,
His baker and his boteler also,
Wheder they ne felten non effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Crefus, which that was of Lydie king,
Mette he not that he sat upon a tree
Which signified he shuld anhangd be.

Lo hire Andromacha, Hectors wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,

¶ 15147. *Lo hire Andromacha*] We must not look for this dream of Andromache in Homer: the first author who relates it is the fictitious Dares, c. xxiv, and Chaucer very probably took it from him, or from Guido de Columnis, or perhaps from Benoit de Sainte More, whose *Roman de Troye* I believe to have been that history of Dares which Guido professes to follow, and has indeed almost entirely translated. A full discussion of this point, by a comparison of Guido's work with the *Rom. de Troye*, would require more time and pains than I am inclined to bestow upon it. I will just mention a circumstance which, if it can be verified, will bring the question to a much shorter decision. The *Versio Daretis Phrygii Gallico metro*, in the Ambrosian library, of which Montfaucon speaks, *Diar. Ital.* p. 19, is un-

She dremed on the same night beforne
 How that the lif of Hector shuld be lornel
 If thilke day he went into bataille;
 She warned him; but it might not availle;
 He went forth for to fighten natheles;
 And was yslain anon of Achilles.
 But thilke tale is al to long to telle;
 And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.
 Shortly I say, as for conclusion,
 That I shal han of this avision
 Adverfitee; and I say forthermore,
 That I ne tell of laxatives no store;
 For they ben venomous, I wot it wel:
 I hem deffie; I love hem never a del.

But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this.
 Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
 Of o thing God hath sent me large grace;
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,
 Ye ben so fearler red about your eyen,
 It maketh all my drede for to dien;

Doubtledly the *Roman de Troye* by Benoit de Sainte More. The verses which are there quoted differ no otherwise from the beginning of Benoit's poem in mss. Harl. 4482, than as an old copy usually does from a more modern one. If therefore we can depend upon Montfaucon's judgment, that the ms. which he saw was written in the 12th century, it will follow that Benoit wrote near a hundred years before Guido; whose work in all the mss. that I have seen or heard of is uniformly said to have been finished in the year 1287. There can be no doubt that the latter of these two writers copied from the former.

For al so liker as *In principio* 15170
Mulier est hominis confusio,
 (Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,
 Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis;)
 For whan I sele a-night your softe side,
 Al be it that I may not on you ride,
 For that our perche is made so narwe, alas!
 I am so ful of joye and of solas
 That I defie bothe sweven and dreme.

And with that word he flew down fro the beme,
 For it was day, and eke his hennes alle,
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
 For he had found a corn lay in the yerd,
 Real he was, he was no more aserd;
 He fethered Pertelote twenty time,
 And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime;
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun,
 And on his toos he rometh up and down;
 Him deigned not to set his feet to ground;
 He chukketh whan he hath a corn yfound,
 And to him rennen than his wives alle.

Thus real as a prince is in his halle 15190
 Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture,
 And after wol I tell his aventure.

¶ 15169. *so liker as in principio* See the note on ver. 256.
 The next line is taken from the fabulous conference between the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the philosopher, of which some account has been given in n. on ver. 6277a. *Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio, insatiable bestia,* &c.

When that the month in which the world began,
 That highte March, when God first maked man,
 Was complete, and ypassed were also 13193
 Sithen March ended thritty dayes and two,
 Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,
 His seven wives walking him beside,
 Cast up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne 13200
 Twenty degrees and on, and somwhat more:
 He knew by kind, and by non other lore,
 That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven.
 The sonne, he said, is clomben up on heven
 Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis; 13203
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,

v. 15196. *Sithen March ended*] I have ventured to depart from the mss. and editt. in this passage; they all read *began* instead of *ended*. At the same time ms. C. r. has this note in the margin; "i. 2^o die Maii," which plainly supposes that the 32 days are to be reckoned from the end of March. As the vernal equinox (according to our Author's hypothesis, *Discourse*, &c. vol. I § 5. p. 176,) happened on the 12th of March, the place of the sun (as described in ver. 15200, f) in 22^o of Taurus, agrees very nearly with his true place on the 2d of May, the 53d day incl. from the equinox. Ms. C. reads thus;

Syn March began tway monthes and dayes two— which brings us to the same day, but I think by a less probable correction of the faulty copies.

v. 15205. *Twenty degrees*] The reading of the greatest part of the mss. is *Fourty degrees*; but that is evidently wrong, for Chaucer is speaking of the altitude of the sun at or about prime, i. e. six o'clock A. M. See ver. 15203. When the sun is in 22^o of Taurus he is 21^o high about $\frac{3}{4}$ after six A. M.

For al so liker as *In principio* *Mulier est hominis confusio*,
 (Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,
 Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis;
 For whan I sepe a-night your softe side,
 Al be it that I may not on you ride,
 For that our perche is made so narwe, alas
 I am so ful of joye and of solas
 That I deffie bothe sweven and dreme.

And with that word he flew down fro the beme,
 For it was day, and eke his hennes alle,
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
 For he had found a corn lay in the yerd,
 Real he was, he was no more aserd;
 He fethered Pertelote twenty time,
 And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime;
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun,
 And on his toos he rometh up and down;
 Him deigned not to set his feet to ground;
 He chukketh whan he hath a corn yfound,
 And to him rennen than his wives alle.

Thus real as a prince is in his halle
 Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture,
 And after wol I tell his aventure.

¶ *13169. so liker as In principio* See the note on ver. 256
 The next line is taken from the fabulous conference be-
 tween the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the philosopher,
 which some account has been given in n. on ver. 6277a. *Quid*
est mulier? Hominis confusio, inextinguibilis bestia,

Whan that the month in which the world began,
 That highte March, whan God first maketh man,
 Was complete, and ypassed were also **15193**
 Sithen March ended thritty dayes and two,
 Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,
 His seven wives walking him beside,
 Cast up his eye to the brighte sonne,
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne **15200**
 Twenty degrees and on, and somwhat more:
 He knew by kind, and by non other lore,
 That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven.
 The sonne, he said, is clomben up on heven
 Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis; **15205**
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,

¶ **15196.** *Sithen March ended*] I have ventured to depart from the mss. and edit. in this passage; they all read *began* instead of *ended*. At the same time ms. C. r. has this note in the margin; "i. 2^o die Maii," which plainly supposes that the 32 days are to be reckoned from the end of March. As the vernal equinox (according to our Author's hypothesis, *Discourse*, &c. vol. I § 5. p. 176,) happened on the 12th of March, the place of the sun (as described in ver. 15200. f) in 22^o of Taurus, agrees very nearly with his true place on the 2d of May, the 53d day incl. from the equinox. Ms. C. reads thus;

Syn March began tway monthes and dayes two—
 which brings us to the same day, but I think by a less probable correction of the faulty copies.

¶ **15205.** *Twenty degrees*] The reading of the greatest part of the mss. is *Fourty degrees*; but that is evidently wrong, for Chaucer is speaking of the altitude of the sun at or about prime, i. e. six o'clock A. M. See ver. 15203. When the sun is in 22^o of Taurus he is 21^o high about $\frac{3}{4}$ after six A. M.

Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing,
 And see the freshe floures how they spring;
 Ful is min herte of revel and solas.

But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas,
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo;
 God wote that wordly joye is sone ago;
 And if a rethor coude faire endite
 He in a chronicle might it fausly write
 As for a soverain notabilitee.

Now every wise man let him herken me:
 This story is al so trewe, I undertake,
 As is the book of Launcelot du Lake,
 That women holde in ful gret reverence,
 Now wol I turne agen to my sentence.

A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,
 That in the grove had wonned yeres three,

¶ 15215.] At the side of this verse is written in the margin of mss. C. *Petrus Comestor*, to intimate, I suppose, that this maxim is to be found in the *Historia Scholastica* of that author, who was a celebrated commentator on the Bible in the 12th century. See *Fabricius, Bib. Med. Aet. in v.*

¶ 15221. *A col fox*] Skinner interprets this a blackish fox, as if it were a *cole fox*, Gl. *Urf*. It is much easier to refute this interpretation than to assign the true one. *Coll* appears from ver. 15389 to have been a common name for a dog: in composition it is to be taken in *malam partem*, but in what precise sense I cannot say. See Chaucer's *H. of F. b. iii. 187, Coll-tragetour*—and in the *Mirr. for Mag. Leg. of Glendour*, fol. 127, b. *colprophet* is plainly put for a false lying prophet. Heywood has an epigram *Of Coleprophet*, *Cent. vi. ep. 89.*;

Thy prophesy poysonly to the pricke goth;
Coleprophet and *colepoyson* thou art both.

By high imagination forecast,
 The same night thurghout the hegges braft
 Into the yerd ther Chaunteclere the faire 15225
 Was wont, and eke his wives, to repaire,
 And in a bedde of wortes stille he lay
 Till it was passed undern of the day,
 Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle,
 As gladly don thise homicides alle 15230
 That in await ligen to mordre men.

O false morderour! rucking in thy den,
 O newe Scariot, newe Genelon!
 O false dissimulour, o Greek Sinon!
 That broughtest Troye al utterly to forwe, 15235
 O Chaunteclere! accursed be the morwe
 That thou into thy yerd flew fro the bemes;
 Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes
 That thilke day was perilous to thee:
 But what that God forewote most nedes be, 15240

And in his *Proverbial Dialogues*, p. 1. ch. x. he has the following lines;

Coll under canstyk she can ple on both hande;

Dissimulation well she understande.

I will add an allusion of our Author in *The Test. of Love*, b. li, to a story of one *Collo*, which I cannot explain; "Busiris slewe his gesses, and he was slain of Hercules his gesse. Hugest betrayethed many men, and of *Collo* was he betrayed."

☆. 15240. *But what that God*] This passage has been translated into (rather elegant) Latin iambs by Sir H. Savill, in his preface to Bradwardin, *De Causa Dei*, Lond. 1618. See the Testimonies, &c. vol. XIII. Our Author has discussed this question of the divine prescience, &c. more at large in his *Troilus*, b. iv, from ver. 957 to ver. 1078; it is an addition of his own,

After the opinion of certain clerkes,
 Witnesse on him that any parfit clerk is,
 That in scole is gret altercation
 In this matere and gret disputifon,
 And hath ben of an hundred thousand men : 15245
 But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
 As can the holy Doctour Augustin,
 Or Boece, or the Bishop Bradwardin,
 Whether that Goddes worthy foreweting
 Streineth me nedely for to don a thing, 15250
 (Nedely clepe I simple necessitee)
 Or elles if free choise be granted me
 To do that same thing or do it nought,
 Though God forewot it or that it was wrought,
 Or if his weting streineth never a del 15255
 But by necessitee condicionel.
 I wol not han to don of swiche matere;
 My Tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
 That took his conseil of his wif with forwe
 To walken in the yerd upon the morwe 15260
 That he had met the dreme, as I you told.
 Womennes conseiles ben ful often cold;
 Womennes conseil brought us first to wo,
 And made Adam fro Paradis to go,
 Ther as he was ful mery and wel at ese : 15265
 But for I n'ot to whom I might displese
 of which there is no trace in the Philostrato of Boccace. See
 Essay, &c. n. 62.

If I conseil of women wolde blame,
 Passe over, for I said it in my game.
 Rede andours wher they trete of swiche matere,
 And what they sayn of women ye mown here. 15270
 Thise ben the Cokkes wordes and not mine;
 I can non harme of no woman devine.

Faire in the fond, to bath hire merily,
 Lith Pertelote, and all hire susters by,
 Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere so free. 15275
 Sang merrier than the mermaid in the see,
 For Phisilogus sayth likerly
 How that they singen wel and merily.

And so befell that as he cast his eye
 Among the wortes on a boterflie. 15280
 He was ware of this fox that lay ful low:
 Nothing ne list him thanne for to crow,
 But cried anon Cok, cok, and up he sterte
 As man that was affraied in his herte,
 For naturelly a beest desireth flee. 15285
 Fro his contrarie if he may it see,

¶ 15277. *Phisilogus*] He alludes, I suppose, to a book in Latin metre entitled *Phisilogus de Naturis xii Animalium*, by one Theobaldus, whose age is not known, *Faër. Bib. Med. Æt.* in v. *Theobaldus*. There is a copy of this work in ms. *Harl.* 3093, in which the ixth section, *De Sirenis*, begins thus;

Sirenæ sunt monstra maris resonantia magnis
 Vocibus et modulis cantus formantia multis,
 Ad quas incaute veniunt sæpissime nautæ,
 Quæ faciunt sompnum nimia dulcedine vocum, &c.

See also R. R. ver. 680.

Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him espie,

He wold han fled, but that the fox anon

Said, Gentil Sire, alas! what wol ye don? 15290

Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?

Now certes I were werse than any fend

If I to you wold harme or vilanie.

I n'am not come your conseil to espie,

But trewely the cause of my coming 15295

Was only for to herken how ye sing,

For trewely ye han as mery a steven

As any angel hath that is in heven,

Therwith ye han of musike more feling

Than had Boece, or any that can sing. 15300

My Lord, your fader (God his soule bleffe)

And eke your moder of hire gentillesse

Han in myn hous yben, to my gret ese,

And certes, Sire, ful fain wold I you plese.

But for men speke of singing, I wol sey, 15305

So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,

Save you ne herd I never man so sing

As did your fader in the morwening :

Certes it was of herte all that he song :

And for to make his vois the more strong 15310

He wold so peine him, that with both his eyen

He muste winke, so loud he wolde crien,

And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,

And stretchen forth his necke long and smal.

And eke he was of swiche discretion, 15315
 That ther n'as no man in no region
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
 I have wel red in Dan Burnel the asse
 Among his vers, how that ther was a cok
 That for a preestes sone yave him a knok, 15320
 Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
 He made him for to lese his benefice;
 But certain ther is no comparison
 Betwix the wisdom and discretion
 Of youre fader and his subtilitee. 15325
 Now singeth, Sire, for Seinte Charitee:
 Let see, can ye your fader contrefete?

This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,
 As man that coud not his trefon espie,
 So was he ravished with his flaterie. 15330

¶ 15318. in *Dan Burnel the asse*] The story alluded to is in a poem of Nigel Wireker, entitled *Burnellus, seu Speculum flutorum*, written in the time of Richard I. The substance of the story is in Gl. Urr. v. *Burnel*. The poem itself is in most collections of mss.: the printed copies are more rare, though there have been several editions of it. See *Leyser, Hist. Po. Med. Bri.*, p. 752, 3. — *Burnell* is used as a nickname for the ass in the *Chester Whitfun Playes*, ms. Harl. 2013. [See the note on ver. 3539.] In the pageant of Balaam he says—

Go forth *Burnel*, go forth; go.
 What the devil! my asse will not go.

And again, fol. 36, b.;

Burnell, why begilest thou me?

The original word was probably *Brunell*, from his brown colour, as the fox below, ver. 15340, is called *Ruffel*, from his red colour I suppose.

Alas! ye lordes, many a false flatour
 Is in your court, and many a losengeour,
 That pleseth you wel more, by my faith,
 Than he that sothfastnesse unto you saith.
 Redeth Ecclesiast of flaterie: 15335
 Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.

This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toos
 Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
 And gan to crowen loude for the nones;
 And Dan Russel the fox stert up at ones, 15340
 And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,
 And on his back toward the wood him bere,
 For yet ne was ther no man that him sued.

O destinee! that maist not ben eschued,
 Alas that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes! 15345
 Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes!
 And on a Friday sell all this meschance.

O Venus! that art goddesse of Plesance,
 Sin that thy servant was this Chaunteclere,
 And in thy service did all his powere, 15350
 More for delit than world to multiplie,
 Why wolt thou suffre him on thy day to die?

O Gaufride, dere maister soverain!
 That whan thy worthy King Richard was slain

✧. 15341. *by the gargat*] The editt. have changed this into *gorget*; but *gargat* is an old Fr. word, *Rom. de Rou. ms. Reg. 4, C. xi.*;

O grant culteals e od granz cuigneas
 Lur unt les gargates trenchies.

✧. 15353, *O Gaufride*] He aliudes to a passage in the *Nova Poetria* of Geoffrey de Vinlaus, published not long after the

With shot complainedest his deth so sore;
 Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore
 The Friday for to chiden as did ye?
 (For on a Friday sothly slain was he)
 Than wold I shew you how that I coulde plaine
 For Chauntecleres drede and for his paine.

Certes swiche cry ne lamentation
 N'as never of ladies made whan Ilion
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his strete sward;
 Whan he had hent King Priam by the berd
 And slain him, (as saith us *Encidos*)
 As maden all the hennes in the cloos
 Whan they had seen of Chaunteclere the sight;
 But soverainly Dame Pertelote shright
 Ful louder than did Hasdruballes wif
 Whan that hire husband hadde ylost his lif.

death of Richard I. In this work the author has not only given instructions for composing in the different styles of poetry, but also examples. His specimen of the plaintive kind of composition begins thus;

Neustria, sub clypeo regis defensa Ricardi,
 Indefensa modo, gestu restare dolorem.
 Exundent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora
 Pallor; connodet digitus tortura; cruentet
 Interiora dolor, et verberet æthera clamor:
 Tota peris ex morte sua. Mors non fuit ejus,
 Sed tua; non una, sed publica mortis origo.
 O Veneris lacrymosa dies! o sydus amarum!
 Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum.
 Illa dedit vulnus, &c.

These lines are sufficient to shew the object and the propriety of Chaucer's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in *Leyser's Hist. Po. Med. ævi*, p. 362—378.

And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage;
 She was so ful of turment and of rage
 That wilfully into the fire she sterte;
 And brent hire selven with a stedfast herte.

O woful hennes! right so criden ye
 As whan that Nero brente the citee
 Of Rome cried the Senatoures wives
 For that hir husbandes losten alle hir lives
 Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slain.

Now wol I turne unto my Tale again.
 The fely widewe and hire doughtren two
 Herden these hennes crie and maken wo,
 And out at the dores sterten they anon,
 And saw the fox toward the wode is gon,
 And bare upon his back the cok away:
 They crieden out Harow and wala wa!
 A ha the fox! and after him they ran,
 And eke with slaves many another man;
 Ran Colle our-dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
 And Malkin, with hire distaf in hire hond;
 Ran cow and calf; and eke the veray hogges
 So fered were for berking of the dogges,
 And shouting of the men and women eke,
 They ronnen so hem thought hir hertes breke;
 They yelleden as fendes don in helle;
 The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle;
 The gees for fere flew over the trees,
 Out of the hive came the swarme of bees,

So hidous was the noise, a *benedicite*.
 Certes he Jakke Straw and his meinie
 Ne maden never shoutes half so thrille,
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,
 As thilke day was made upon the fox
 Of bras they brougthen beemes and of box,
 Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
 And therwithal they shriked and they houped,
 It semed as that the heven shulde falle.

Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle
 Lo how Fortune turneth sodenly
 The hope and pride eke of hire enemy.
 This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,
 In all his drede unto the fox he spake,
 And sayde; Sire, if that I were as ye
 Yet wold I sain, (as wisly God help me)
 Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle,
 A very pestilence upon you faller:
 Now I am come unto the wodes side,
 Maugre your hed the cok shal here abide;
 I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.

The fox answered, In faith it shal be don;
 And as he spake the word al sodenly
 The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
 And high upon a tree he flew anon.

And whan the fox saw that the cok was gon,
 Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!
 I have (quod he) ydon to you treipas,

In as moche as I maked you aserd,
Whan I you hente and brought out of your yerd;

But, Sire, I did it in no wikke entente:

Come down, and I shal tell you what I mente: 15430

I shal say sothe to you, God helpe me so.

Nay than, quod he, I shrewe us bothe two;

And first I shrewe myself bothe blood and bones

If thou begile me oftener than ones:

Thou shalt no more thurgh thy flaterie 15435

Do me to sing and winken with myn eye,

For he that winketh whan he shulde see,

Al wilfully, God let him never the.

Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meschance

That is so indiscrete of governance 15440

That jangleth whan that he shuld hold his pees.

Lo, which it is for to be reccheles

And negligent, and trust on flaterie.

But ye that holden this Tale a folie,

As of a fox, or of a cok or hen, 15445

Taketh the moralitee therof, good men;

For Seint Poule sayth, that all that writen is

To our doctrine it is ywriten ywis.

Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be stille.

Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille, 15450

As sayth my Lord, so make us all good men,

And bring us to thy highe blisse. Amen.

¶ 15451. *As sayth my Lord*] Opposite to this verse in the margin of ms. C. 1, is written *Kantuar*, which means, I suppose, that some archbishop of Canterbury is quoted.

Sire Nonnes Preest, our Hoste sayd anon,
 Yblestted be thy breche and every ston;
 This was a mery Tale of Chaunteclere: 15455
 But by my trouthe if thou were seculere
 Thou woldest ben a tredefoule a right;
 For if thou have corage as thou hast might
 Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
 Ye mo than seven times seventene. 15460
 Se whiche braunes hath this gentil Preest,
 So gret a necke, and swiche a large breest!
 He loketh as a sparhawk with his eyen;
 Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
 With Brasil ne with grain of Portingale. 15465
 But, Sire, faire falle you for your Tale.
 And after that he with ful mery chere
 Sayd to another as ye shulen here. 15468

* * * * *

v. 15468. *Sayd to another*] I have observed, in the *Discourse*, &c. § 37, that in mss. *A. B.* 1, 2, this line is read thus;

Seide unto the Nunne as ye shul heer.

The following are the six forged lines which the same mss. exhibit by way of introduction to 'The Nonne's Tale';

Madame, and I dorste I wolde your pray
 To telle a Tale in fortheringe of our way;
 Than mighte ye do unto us grete ese.
 Gladly, Sire, quoth she, so that I might plesse
 You and this worthy company;
 And began hir Tale rihht thus ful sobrely.

THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

The minstre and the norice unto vices,
 Which that men clepe in English Idelnesse, 15470
 That porter at the gate is of Delices,
 To eschuen, and by hire contrary hire oppresse,
 That is to sain, by lesul besinesse,
 Wel oughte we to don al our entente,
 Lest that the fend thurgh idelnesse us hente. 15475

For he that with his thousand cordes lye
 Continuelly us waiteth to beclappe,
 Whan he may man in idelnesse espie,
 He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,
 Til that a man be hent right by the lappe 15480
 He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:
 Wel ought us werche and idelnesse withstond.

And though men dradden never for to die,
 Yet see men wel by reson douteles
 That idelnesse is rote of flogardie, 15485
 Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,
 And see that slopthe holdeth hem in a lees,
 Only to slepe and for to ete and drinke,
 And to deuouren all that other swinke.

And for to put us from swiche idelnesse, 15490
 That cause is of so gret confusyon,
 I have here don my feithful besinesse,
 After the legende, in translation
 Right of thy glorious lif and passion,

The Second Nonnes Tale] The life and death of Saint Cecily. 8p.

Thou with thy gerlond wrought of rose and lillie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir, Seinte Cecilie. 15496

And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,
Of whom that Bernard list so wel to write;
To thee at my beginning first I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite. 15500
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire storie.

Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy son,
Thou wel of mercy, sinful soules cure, 15505
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledest so fer forth our nature,
That no desdaine the maker had of kinde
His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde. 15510

Within the cloyltre blisful of thy sides
Toke mannes shape the eternal Love and Pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,
Whom erthe, and see, and heven, out of relees
Ay herien; and thou virgine weimeles. 15515
Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.

† 15514. *out of relees*] All the best mss. concur in this reading, and therefore I have followed them, though I confess that I do not clearly understand the phrase, unless perhaps it mean without release, without being ever released from their duty. The common reading *withouten lees* is a genuine Saxon phrase; *butan leas*, *absque falso*, without a lie.

Assembled is in thee magnificence
 With mercy, goodnesse, and with swiche pitee
 That thou, that art the sonne of excellence, 15520
 Not only helpest hem that praïen thee,
 But oftentime of thy benignitee
 Ful freely, or that men thin helpe beseche,
 Thou goest beforne and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou make and blisful faire maide,
 Me flemed wretch, in this desert of galle; 15526
 Thiinke on the woman Cananee, that saide
 That whelpes eten som of the cromes alle
 That from hir lordes table ben yfalle;
 And though that I, unworthy song of Eve, 15530
 Be sinful, yet accepteth my beleve.

And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,
 So for to werken yeve me wit and space —
 That I be quit from thennes that most derke is:
 O thou! that art so faire and ful of grace, 15535
 Be thou min advocat in that high place,
 Ther as withouten ende is songe Ofanne,
 Thou Cristes mother, daughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my soule in prison light,
 That troubled is by the contagion 15540

¶ 15518. *Assembled is*] This stanza is very like one in The Prioresse Tale, ver. 13403—13410.

¶ 15530. *songe of Eve*] See the *Discourse*, &c. § 37, n. 30.

¶ 15536. *Be thou min advocat*] I have no better authority for the insertion of *thou* than ed. *Urr.*; the metre perhaps might be safe without it, (considering *bighe* as a dissyllable) but the verse would be very rough.

Of my body, and also by the wight
 Of erthly lust and false affection:
 O haven of refute! o salvation
 Of hem that ben in sorwe and in distresse!
 Now help, for to my werk I wol me dresse. 15545

Yet pray I you that reden that I write
 Foryeve me that I do no diligence
 This ilke storie subtilly to endite;
 For both have I the wordes and sentence
 Of him that at the seintes reverence 15550
 The storie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
 And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

First wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie
 Expoune, as men may in hire storie see;
 It is to sayn in English, Hevens lilie, 15555
 For pure chastnesse of virginitee,
 Or for the whitnesse had of honestee,
 And grene of conscience, and of good fame
 The fwote favour, Lilie was hire name.

Or Cecilie is to sayn, The way to blinde, 15560
 For she ensample was by good teching,
 Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,
 Is joined by a maner conjoining
 Of heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring

✧. 15553. *First wol I*] The note upon this in the margin of
 ms. C. 1 is—"Interpretatio, &c. quam ponit Frater Jacobus
 "Januensis in Legendâ Aureâ." It has been observed in the *Dis-*
course, &c. that this whole Tale is almost literally translated
 from the *Legenda Aurea*.

The heven is set for thought of holinesse, 13563
 And *Lia* for hire lasting besinesse.

Cecilie may eke be sayd in this manere,
 Wanting of blindnesse, for hire grete light
 Of sapience, and for hire thewes clere;
 Or elles lo this maidens name bright 13570
 Of heven and *Leos* cometh, for which by right
 Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle;
 Ensample of good and wise werkes alle;

For *Leos* peple in English is to say;
 And right as men may in the heven see 13575
 The sonne and mone, and sterres, every way,
 Right so men gostly, in this maiden free
 Sawen of faith the magnanimittee,
 And eke the clerenesse hole of sapience,
 And sondry werkes bright of excellence. 13580

And right so as thise philosophres write,
 That heven is swift and round, and eke brenning,
 Right so was faire Cecilie the white
 Ful swift and besy in every good werking,
 And round and hole in good persevering, 13585
 And brenning ever in charitee ful bright.
 Now have I you declared what she hight.

This maiden, bright Cecile, as hire lif saith,
 Was come of Romaines, and of noble kind,
 And from hire cradle fostred in the faith 13590
 Of Crist, and hare his gospel in hire mind:
 She never cesed, as I writen find,

Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,
Beseching him to kepe hire maidenhede.

And whan this maiden shuld until a man, **I5595**
Ywedded be that was ful yonge of age,
Which that ycleped was Valerian;
And day was comen of hire marriage,
She ful devout and humble in hire corage,
Under hire robe of gold, that sat ful faire, **I5600**
Had next hire flesh yclad hire in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melodie
To God alone thus in hire hert song she;
O Lord! my soule and eke my body gie
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be. **I5605**
And for his love that died upon the tree
Every second or thridde day she fast,
Ay bidding in hire orisons ful fast.

The night came, and to bedde must she gon
With hire husbond, as it is the manere, **I5610**
And prively she said to him anon;
O swete and wel beloved sponse dere!
Ther is a conseil, and ye wol it here,
Which that right sayn I wold unto you saie,
So that ye swere ye wol it not bewraie. **I5615**

Valerian gan fast unto hire swere
That for no cas ne thing that mighte be
He shulde never to non bewraien here;
And than at erst thus to him saide she:
I have an angel which that loveth me, **I5620**

That with gret love wher so I wake or slepe
Is redy ay my body for to kepe;

And if that he may felen out of drede
That ye me touch or love in vilanie,

He right anon wol fleen you with the dede, 15625

And in your youthe thus ye shulden die;

And if that ye in clene love me gie,

He wol you love as me for your clenenesse,

And shew to you his joye and his brightnesse,

This Valerian, corrected as God wold, 15630

Answerd again; If I shal trusten thee

Let me that angel seen and him behold,

And if that it a veray angel be

Than wol I don as thou hast prayed me;

And if thou love another man, forsothe 15635

Right with this swerd than wol I flee you bothe.

Cecile answerd anon right in this wise:

If that you list the angel shul ye see,

So that ye trowe on Crist, and you baptise:

Goth forth to Via Apia, (quod she) 15640

That fro this toun ne stant but miles three,

And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen

Say hem right thus as that I shal you tellen.

Tell hem that I Cecile you to hem sent

To shewen you the good Urban the old, 15645

For secree nedes and for good entent;

And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold

Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told;

And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne
Than shal ye seen that angel er ye twinne. 15650

Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire lerning
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the seintes buriels louting;
And he anon withouten tarying 15655
Did his message, and whan that he it tolde
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The teres from his eyen let he falle;
Almighty Lord, o Jesu Crist! quod he,
Sower of chaste conseil, hierde of us alle, 15660
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee
That thou hast sow in Cecile take to thee:
Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile
Thee serveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.

For thilke spouse that she toke but newe, 15665
Ful like a fiers leon, she sendeth here
As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe.
And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold in hond, 15670
And gan beforne Valerian to stond.

Valerian as ded fell down for drede
Whan he him saw, and he up hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede:

¶ 15654. louting] i. e. Latitantem, marg. C. 1, from the Sax.
lutan or lutian, latere.

That with gret love wher so I wake or slepe;
Is redy ay my body for to kepe;

And if that he may felen out of drede
That ye me touch or love in vilanie;
He right anon wol fleeen you with the dede, 15625
And in your youthe thus ye shulden die;
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me for your cleneneffe,
And shew to you his joye and his brightnesse,

This Valerian, corrected as God wold, 15630
Answerd again; If I shal trusten thee
Let me that angel seen and him behold,
And if that it a veray angel be
Than wol I don as thou hast prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forsothe 15635
Right with this swerd than wol I flee you bothe.

Cecile answerd anon right in this wise:
If that you list the angel shul ye see,
So that ye trowe on Crist, and you baptise:
Goth forth to Via Apia, (quod she) 15640
That fro this toun ne stant but miles three,
And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus as that I shal you tellen.

Tell hem that I Cecile you to hem sent
To shewen you the good Urban the old, 15645
For secree nedes and for good entent;
And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold
Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told;

And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne
Than shal ye seen that angel er ye twinne. 15650

Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire lerning
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the seintes buriels louting;
And he anon withouten tarying 15655
Did his message, and whan that he it tolde
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The teres from his eyen let he falle;
Almighty Lord, o Jesu Crist! quod he,
Sower of chaste conseil, hierde of us alle, 15660
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee
That thou hast sow in Cecile take to thee:
Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile
Thee serveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.

For thilke spouse that she toke but newe, 15665
Ful like a fiers leon, she sendeth here
As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe.
And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with lettres of gold in hond, 15670
And gan beforne Valerian to stond.

Valerian as ded fell down for drede
Whan he him saw, and he up hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede:

¶ 15654. louting] i. e. Latitantem, marg. C. 1, from the Sax.
lutan or lutian, latere.

On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo, 15675
 On Cristendom, and fader of all also
 Aboven all, and over all every wher.
 Thise wordes all with gold ywritten were.

Whan this was red, than said this olde man,
 Levest thou this thing or no? say ye or nay. 15680
 I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,
 For sother thing than this I dare wel say
 Under the heven no wight thinken may.
 Tho vanished the olde man he n'iste wher,
 And Pope Urban him cristened right ther. 15685

Valerian goth home, and fiut Cecilie
 Within his chambre with an angel stonde :
 This angel had of roses and of lilie
 Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
 And first to Cecile, as I understonde, 15690
 He yaf that on, and after gan he take
 That othe to Valerian hire make.

With body clene and with unwemmed thought
 Kepeth ay wel thise corones two, quod he,
 From Paradis to you I have hem brought, 15695
 Ne never mo ne shul they roten be,
 Ne lese hir swete favour, trusteth me,

¶. 15675. *On Lord, on faith*] I have adopted this reading in preference to that of the best mss.—*O Lord, o faith, o God, &c.*—in order to guard against the mistake which the editt. have generally fallen into of considering *o*, in this passage, as the sign of the vocative case. *On* and *o* are used indifferently by Chaucer to signify one.

Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,
But he be chaste and hate vilanie.

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone **15700**
Assentedest to good conseil, also
Say what thee list and thou shalt han thy bone.
I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,
That in this world I love no man so,
I pray you that my brother may have grace **15705**
To know the trouth, as I do in this place.

The angel sayd, God liketh thy request,
And bothe with the palme of martirdome
Ye shullen come unto his blisful rest;
And with that word Tiburce his brother come.
And whan that he the favour undernome, **15711**
Which that the roses and the lilies cast,
Within his herte he gan to wonder fast,

And said; I wonder this time of the yere
Whennes that swete favour cometh so **15715**
Of roses and lilies that I smelle here,
For though I had hem in min hondes two
The favour might in me no deper go:
The swete smel that in min herte I find
Hath changed me all in another kind. **15720**

Valerian said, Two corones han we
Snow-white and rose-red, that shinen clere,
Which that thin eyen han no might to see,
And as thou smellest hem thurgh my praiere,
So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere, **15725**

If it so be thou wolt withouten flouthe
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.

Tiburce answered; Saieſt thou this to me
In ſothneſſe, or in dreme herken I this?
In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this time, brother min, ywis;
But now at erſt in trouthe our dwelling is.
How woſt thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wiſe?
Quod Valerian, That ſhal I thee deviſe.

The angel of God hath me the trouthe ytaught,
Which thou ſhalt ſeen, if that thou wilt reney
The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.
[And of the miracle of thiſe corones twey
Seint Ambroſe in his preface liſt to ſey;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and ſaith in this manere:]

The palme of martirdome for to receive
Seint Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yeſt,
The world and eke hire chambre gan ſhe weive,

¶ 15738. [*And of the miracle*] I ſhould have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parenthesis of fourteen lines, which interrupts the narration ſo awkwardly, and to ſo little purpoſe. The ſubſtance of it is in the printed editions of the Latin *Legenda Aurea*, but appears evidently to have been at firſt a marginal obſervation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of ſome copier: accordingly it is wanting in Caxton's *Golden Legende*, and, I ſuppoſe, in the French *Legende Dorée*, from which he tranſlated. The author of the *Fr.* verſion had either made uſe of an uncorrupted mſ. or perhaps had been ſagacious enough to diſcern and reject the interpolation.

Witnesse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift, 15745
To which God of his bountee wolde shifte
Corones two, of floures wel smelling,
And made his angel hem the coronas bring.

The maid hath brought thise men to blisse above;
The world hath wist what it is worth certain 15750
Devotion of chastitee to love.]
Though shewed him Cecile all open and plain
That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,
For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deve,
And charged him his idoles for to leue. 15755

Who so that troweth not this a best he is,
Quod this Tiburce, if that I shal not lie.
And she gan kisse his brest whan she herd this,
And was ful glad he coude trouthe espie:
This day I take thee for min allie, 15760
Saide this blisful faire maiden dere;
And after that she said as ye may here:

Lo, right so as the love of Crist (quod she)
Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wise
Anon for mine allie here take I thee, 15765
Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.
Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,
And make thee clene, so that thou maist behold
The angels face of which thy brother told.

Tiburce answered, and saide, Brother dere, 15770
First tell me whiche I shal, and to what man.
To whom, quod he, Come forth with goode chere,

I wol thee lede unto the Pope Urban.

To Urban? brother min, Valerian,

Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede? 15775

Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menest thou not Urban (quod he tho)

That is so often damned to be ded,

And woneth in halles alway to and fro,

And dare not ones putten forth his hed? 15780

Men shuld him brennen in a fire so red

If he were found, or that men might him spie,

And we also, to bere him compaignie.

And while we seken thilke divinitee

That is yhid in heven prively, 15785

Algate ybrent in this world shuld we be.

To whom Cecile answered boldely;

Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully

This lif to lese, min owen dere brother!

If this were living only and non other. 15790

But ther is better lif in other place

That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought,

Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,

That fadres sone which alle thinges wrought;

And all that wrought is with a skilful thought, 15795

The gost that from the fader gan procede

Hath fouled hem withouten any drede.

¶ 15783. And we also] It should have been us: I take no-

tice of this, because Chaucer is very rarely guilty of such an

offence against grammar.

By word and by miracle he Goddes sone,
 Whan he was in this world, declared here
 That ther is oþer lif ther men may wone. 15800
 To whom answerd Tiburce; O suster dere!
 Ne saidest thou right now in this manere,
 Ther nas but o God Lord in soþfastnesse,
 And now of three how mayst thou here witnesse? 15805

That shal I tell, quod she, or that I go,
 Right as a man hath sapiences three,
 Memorie, engine, and intellect also,
 So in o being of divinitee
 Three persones mowen ther righte wel be. 15810
 Tho gan she him ful besily to preche
 Of Cristes sonde, and of his peines teche,

And many pointes of his passion,
 How Goddes sone in this world was withhold
 To don mankinde pleine remission,
 That was ybound in sinne and cares cold. 15815
 All this thing she unto Tiburce told,
 And after this Tiburce in good entent
 With Valerian to Pope Urban he went,

That thanked God, and with glad herte and light
 He cristened him, and made him in that place
 Parfite in his lerning, and Goddes knight;
 And after this Tiburce gat swiche grace
 That every day he saw in time and space
 The angel of God, and every maner bone
 That he God axed it was sped ful sone. 15825

It were ful hard by ordre for to sain
 How many wonders Jesus for hem wrought:
 But at the last, to tellen short and plain,
 The sergeaunts of the toun of Rome hem sought,
 And hem before Almach the Prefect brought, 15830
 Which hem apposed, and knew all hir ententy,
 And to the image of Jupiter hem sent.

And said; Who so wol nought do sacrifice
 Swap of his hed; this is my sentence here.
 Anon thise martyrs that I you devise 15835
 On Maximus, that was an officere
 Of the Prefectes, and his Corniculere,
 Hem hent, and whan he forth the seintes lad
 Himself he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore 15840
 He gate him of the turmentoures leve,
 And lad hem to his hous withouten more;
 And with hir preching or that it were eve
 They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,
 And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on, 15845
 The false faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,
 With preestes, that hem cristened all yfere;
 And afterward whan day was waxen light
 Cecilie hem said with a ful stedfast chere, 15850
 Now, Cristes owen knightes leve and dere,
 Caste all away the werkes of derkenesse,
 And armeth you in armes of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille; *mid ellie*
 Your cours is don; your faith hath you conserved; *1*
 Goth to the crowne of lif that may not faille; *15856*
 The rightful juge, which that ye han served, *the h*
 Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deserved. *him and h*
 And whan this thing was said as i devise *it to ellie*
 Men ledde hem forth to don the sacrifice. *15860*

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,
 To tellen shortly the conclusioun,
 They n'olde encense ne sacrifice right nought;
 But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,
 With humble herte and sad devotion, *15864*
 And losten bothe hir hedes in the place;
 Hir soules wenten to the King of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,
 With pitous teres told it anon right
 That he hir soules saw to heaven glide. *15870*
 With angels, ful of clerenesse and of light,
 And with his word converted many a wight,
 For which Almachius did him to-bete
 With whip of led til he his lif gan lete.

¶ 15855. *Your cours is don*] So all the mss. In ed. *Urr. don* is changed to *run*; and I believe no modern poet would have joined any other verb with *cours*, especially after he had used *ydon* in the preceding line; but I am not clear that Chaucer attended to such niceties.—In the latter part of this line the best mss. read—*Your faith han ye conserved*—and I know not by what negligence I omitted to follow them.

Cecile him toke and buried him anon 13873
 By Tiburce and Valerian softly,
 Within hir burying place, under the ston;
 And after this Almachius hastily
 Bad his ministres fetchen openly
 Cecile, so that she might in his presence 13880
 Don sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they, converted at hire wise lore,
 Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence
 Unto hire word, and crieden more and more
 Crist, Goddes sone, withouten difference, 13883
 Is veray God, this is all our sentence,
 That hath so good a servant him to serve:
 Thus with o vois we trowen though we sterue.

Almachius, that herd of this doing,
 Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire see: 13890
 And alderfirst, lo, this was his axing;
 What maner woman arte thou? quod he.
 I am a gentilwoman borne, quod she.
 I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,
 Of thy religion and of thy beleve: 13895

Why than began your question folily,
 Quod she, that woldest two answers conclude
 In o demand? Ye axen lewedly.
 Almache answerd to that similitude,
 Of whennes cometh thin answering so rude? 13900
 Of whennes? (quod she, whan that she was freined)
 Of conscience, and of good faith unfeined.

Almachius said; Ne takest thou non hede
 Of my power? And she him answerd this;
 Your might (quod she) ful litel is to drede,
 For every mortal mannes power nys
 But like a bladder ful of wind ywis,
 For with a nedles point whan it is blow
 May all the boist of it be laid ful low.

Ful wrongfully begonnest thou, (quod he)
 And yet in wrong is al thy perseverance:
 Wost thou not how our mighty princes free
 Have thus commanded and made ordinance
 That every Cristen wight shal han penance
 But if that he his Cristendome withseye,
 And gon al quite if he wol it reneye?

Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,
 Quod tho Cecile, and with a wood sentence
 Ye make us gilty, and it is not soth;
 For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,
 For as moche as we don ay reverence
 To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,
 Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we, that knowen thilke name so
 For vertuous, we may it not withseye.
 Almache answered; Chese on of thise two,
 Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,
 That thou mow now escapen by that wey.
 At which this holy blisful fayre maid
 Gan for to laughe, and to the juge said;

O juge! confuse in thy nicetee;
 Woldest thou that I reneye innocence?
 To maken me a wicked wight (quod she)
 Lo, he dissimuleth here in audience,
 He stareth and wodereth in his advertence. 15935
 To whom Almachius said, Unsely wretch!
 Ne wost thou not how far my might may stretch?
 Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
 Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee
 To maken folk to dien or to liven? 15940
 Why spekest thou so proudly than to me?
 I ne speke nought but stedfastly, quod she,
 Not proudly. for I say, as for my side
 We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a soth for to here 15945
 Than wol I shewe al openly by right
 That thou hast made a ful gret lesing here.
 Thou saist thy princes han thee yeven might
 Both for to slee and for to quiken a wight.
 Thou that ne maist but only lif bereve 15950
 Thou hast non other power ne no leve.

But thou maist sayn thy princes han thee maked
 Ministre of Deth, for if thou speke of mo
 Thou liest, for thy power is ful naked.
 Do way thy boldnesse, said Almachius tho, 15955
 And sacrifice to our goddes er thou go.
 I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,
 For I can suffre it as a philosophre.

But thilke wronges may I not endure
 That thou spekest of our goddes here, quod he. 15960
 Cecile answerd; O nice creature!
 Thou saidest no word sin thou spake to me
 That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,
 And that thou were in every maner wise
 A lewed officer, a vain iustice. 15965

Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
 That thou n'art blind; for thing that we seen alle,
 That is a ston, that men may wel espie;
 That ilke ston a god thou wolt it calle:
 I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle, 15970
 And tast it wel, and ston thou shalt it find,
 Sin that thou seest not with thin eyen blind.

It is a shame that the peple shal
 So scornen thee, and laugh at thy folie,
 For comunty men wot it wel over al. 15975
 That mighty God is in his hevens hie;
 And thise images, wel maist thou espie,
 To thee ne to hemself may not profite,
 For in effect they be not worth a mite.

Thise and swiche other wordes saide she, 15980
 And he wax wroth, and bade men shuld hire lede
 Home til hire house, and in hire hous (quod he)
 Brenne hire right in a bath with flames rede.
 And as he bade right so was don the dede,
 For in a bathe they gonne hire faste shetten, 15985
 And night 2nd day gret fire they under betten.

*. 15966. *thin utter eyen*] *Exterioribus oculis*, marg. ms. C. 1.

The longe night, and eke a day also,
 For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,
 She fate al cold, and felt of it no wo;
 It made hire not a drope for to swete; 1599
 But in that bath hire lif she muste lete,
 For he Almache with a ful wicke entent
 To sleen hire in the bath his sonde sent.

Three strokes in the nekke he smote hire tho
 The turmentour, but for no maner chance 15995
 He mighte not smite all hire nekke atwo:
 And for ther was that time an ordinance
 That no man shulde don man swiche penance
 The fourthe stroke to smiten soft or forey
 This turmentour ne dorste do no more; 16000

But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven ther
 He left hire lie, and on his way is went:
 The Cristen folk which that about hire were
 With shetes han the blood ful faire yhent:
 Three dayes lived she in this turment, 16005
 And never cesed hem the faith to teche;
 That she had fostred hem she gan to preche.

And hem she yaf hire mebles and hire thing,
 And to the Pope Urban betoke hem tho,
 And said, I axed this of heven King 16010
 To have respit three dayes and no mo,
 To recommend to you or that I go
 Thise soules, lo, and that I might do werche
 Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche.

Seint Urban with his dekenes prively 16015
 The body fette, and buried it by night
 Among his other seintes honestly.
 Hire hous The Cherche of Seint Cecile hight;
 Seint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,
 In which unto this day in noble wise
 Men don to Crist and to his seinte servise. 16021

THE CHAN. YEMANNES PROL.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of Seinte Cecile,
 Er we had ridden fully five mile,

[v. 16023. *five mile*] So all the mss. except E. which reads *half a mile*. This latter reading must certainly be preferred, if we suppose that Chaucer meant to mark the interval between the conclusion of The Nonnes Tale and the arrival of the chanon; but it would be contrary to the general plan of our Author's work, and to his practice upon other occasions, that the Hoste should suffer the company

To ride by the way dombe as the fien
 even for *half a mile*: I am therefore rather inclined to believe that *five mile* is the right reading, and that it was intended to mark the distance from some place, which we are now unable to determine with certainty, for want of the Prologue to The Nonnes Tale.—I have sometimes suspected that it was the intention of Chaucer to begin the journey from Canterbury with The Nonnes Tale: in that case *five mile* would mark very truly the distance from Canterbury to Boughton-under-Blee. The circumstances too of the chanon's overtaking the pilgrims, and looking "as he had priked," or galloped, "*miles three*," would agree better with this supposition. It is scarce credible that he should have ridden after them from Southwark to Boughton without overtaking them; and if he had, it must have been a very inadequate representation of his condition to say that "It femed he had priked *miles three*." Besides, the words of the Yeman, [ver. 16056, 7.]

At Boughton-under-Blee us gan atake
 A man that clothed was in clothes blake, 16013
 And undernethe he wered a white surplis.
 His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,
 So swatte that it wonder was to see;
 It semed as he had priked miles three.
 The horse eke that his Yeman rode upon 16030
 So swatte that unnethes might he gon :
 About the peytrel stood the some ful hie;
 He was of some as flecked as a pie.
 A male tweifold on his croper lay,
 It semed that he caried litel array; 16035
 Al light for sommer rode this worthy man.
 And in my herte wondren I began
 What that he was, til that I understode
 How that his cloke was sowed to his hode,

—now in the morwe tide

Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride—

seem to imply that they were overtaken in the same morning in which they set out; but it must have been considerably after noon before they reached Boughton from Southwark. There is another way of solving these difficulties, by supposing that the pilgrims lay upon the road, and that The Nonnes Tale was the first of the second day's journey. It is most probable that a great part of the company (not to mention their horses) would have had no objection to dividing the journey to Canterbury into two days, but if they lay only *five miles* on this side of Boughton I do not see how they could spend the whole second day till evening [see ver. 17316] in travelling from thence to Canterbury.—I must take notice too, in opposition to my first hypothesis, that the manner in which the Yeman expresses himself in ver. 16091, 2, seems to shew that he was riding *to* Canterbury.

For which whan I had long avised me **16040**
 I demed him some chanon for to be;
 His hat heng at his back down by a las,
 For he had ridden more than trot or pas;
 He had ay priked like as he were wode.
 A clote lese he had laid under his hode **16045**
 For swete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete:
 But it was joye for to seen him swete;
 His forched dropped as a stillatorie
 Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.
 And whan that he was come he gan to crie, **16050**
 God save (quod he) this joly compaignie!
 Fast have I priked (quod he) for your sake,
 Because that I wolde you atake,
 To riden in this mery compaignie.

His Yeman was eke ful of curtesie, **16055**
 And saide, Sires, now in the morwe tide
 Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride,
 And warned here my lord and soverain,
 Which that to riden with you is ful fain
 For his disport; he loveth daliance. **16060**
 Frend, for thy warning God yeve the good chance,
 Than said our Hoste: certain it wolde seme
 Thy lord were wise, and so I may wel deme;
 He is ful joconde also dare I leye:
 Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie, **16065**
 With which he gladen may this compaignie?
 Who, Sire? my lord? Ye, Sire, withouten lie,

He can of mirth and eke of jolitee
 Not but ynough; also, Sire, trusteth me
 And ye him knew al so wel as do I
 Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily
 He coude werke, and that in sondry wise;
 He hath take on him many a gret emprise,
 Which were ful harde for any that is here
 To bring about but they of him it lere.
 As homely as he rideth amonges you
 If ye him knew it wold be for your prow;
 Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintaunce
 For mochel good, I dare lay in balance
 All that I have in my possession
 He is a man of high discreffion;
 I warne you wel he is a passing man.

Wel, quod our Hoste, I pray thee tell me than—
 Is he a clerk or non? Tell what he is.

Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,
 Saide this Yeman, and in wordes fewe,
 Hoste, of his craft somwhat I wol you shewe.
 I say my lord can swiche a subtiltee,
 (But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,
 And somwhat help I yet to his werking)
 That all the ground on which we ben riding,
 Til that we come to Canterbury toun,
 He coud al clene turnen up so down,
 And pave it all of silver and of gold.

And whan this Yeman had this tale ytolde

Unto our Hoste, he said *Benedicite!*
 This thing is wonder mervailous to me;
 Sin that thy lord is of so high prudence;
 Because of which men shulde him reverence;
 That of his worship rekketh he so lite; 1610
 His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite;
 As in effect, to him, so mote I go;
 It is all baudy and to-tore also.
 Why is thy lord so fluttish I thee preye,
 And is of power better cloth to beye; 1610
 If that his dede acorded with thy speche?
 Telle me that, and that I thee besече.

Why? quod this Yeman, wherto axe ye me?
 God helpe me so, for he shal never the:
 (But I wol not avowen that I say; 1611
 And therefore kepe it secree I you pray)
 He is to wise in faith, as I beleve:
 Thing that is overdon it wol not preve
 Aright, as clerkes sain; it is a vice;
 Wherefore in that I hold him lewed and nice; 1611
 For whan a man hath overgret a wit
 Ful oft him happeth to misusen it:
 So doth my lord, and that me greveth fore:
 God it amende; I can say now no more.

Therof no force, good Yeman, quod our Host;
 Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost 1612
 Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
 Sin that he is so crafty and so fly.

Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?

In the subarbes of a toun, quod he, 16125

Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,

Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde

Holden hir privee feresful residence,

As they that dare not shewen hir presence;

So faren we, if I shal say the sothe. 16130

Yet, quod our Hoste, let me talken to the;

Why art thou so discoloured of thy face?

Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace;

I am so used the hote fire to blow

That it hath changed my colour I trow: 16135

I n'am not wont in no mirroure to prie,

But swinke fore, and lerne to multiplie.

We blundren ever and poren in the fire,

And for all that we faille of our desire;

For ever we lacken our conclusion. 16140

To mochel folk we don illusion,

And borwe gold be it a pound or two,

Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,

And make hem wenen at the lesse wey

That of a pound we connen maken twey; 16145

Yet is it false; and ay we han good hope

It for to don, and after it we grope:

But that science is so fer us beforne,

We mowen not, although we had it sworne,

It overtake, it flit away so fast; 16150

It wol us maken beggers at the last.

While this Yeman was thus in his talking
 This chanon drow him nere and herd all thing
 Which this Yeman spake, for suspecion
 Of mennes speche ever had this chanon; 16155
 For Caton sayth, that he that giltly is
 Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:
 That was the cause he gan so nigh him drawe
 To his Yeman, to herken all his sawe;
 And thus he saide unto his Yeman tho: 16160
 Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes mo,
 For if thou do thou shalt it dere abie:
 Thou sclaudrest me here in this compaignie,
 And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hide.

Ye, quod our Hoste, tell on, what so betide;
 Of all his thretening recke not a mite. 16166

In faith, quod he, no more I do but lye.
 And whan this chanon saw it wold not be
 But his Yeman wold tell his privetee,
 He fled away for veray sorwe and shame. 16170

A! quod the Yeman, here shal rise a game:
 All that I can anon I wol you telle,
 Sin he is gon: the foule fend him quelle,
 For never hereafter wol I with him mete
 For peny ne for pound, I you behete. 16175

¶. 16156. For Caton sayth] 'This precept of Cato is in l. i. dist. 17.;

Ne cures si quis tacito sermone loquatur;
 Conscius ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.

He that me broughte first unto that game;
 Er that he die forwe have he and shame,
 For it is earnest to me by my faith;
 That fele I wel, what that any man saith;
 And yet for all my smert and all my grief, 16180
 For all my forwe, labour, and mescchief,
 I coude never leve it in no wise.
 Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice
 To tellen all that longeth to that art;
 But natheles yet wol I tellen part: 16185
 Sin that my lord is gon I wol not spare;
 Swiche thing as that I know I wol declare.

THE CHAN. YEMANNES TALE.

WITH this chanon I dwelt have seven yere,
 And of his science am I never the nere;
 All that I had I have ylost therby, 16190
 And God wot so han many mo than I.
 Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay
 Of clothing, and of other good array,
 Now may I were an hofe upon min hed;
 And wher my colour was both fresh and red, 16195
 Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;
 (Who so it useth so shal he it rewe)
 And of my swinke yet blered is min eye;
 Lo which advantage is to multiplie!

The Chanones Yemannes Tale. A priest of London, more covetous than wise, is deceived by a chanon professing the art of alchymye. *Urry*.

That sliding science hath me made so bare 16200
 That I have no good wher that ever I fare;
 And yet I am endetted so therby,
 Of gold that I have borwed trewely,
 That while I live I shal it quiten never;
 Let every man beware by me for ever. 16205
 What maner man that casteth him therto,
 If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
 So helpe me God, therby shal he hat winne,
 But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.
 And whan he thurgh his madnesse and folie, 16210
 Hath lost his owen good thurgh jupartie,
 Than he exciteth other folk therto,
 To lese hir good, as he himself hath do,
 For unto shrewes joye it is and ese
 To have hir felawes in peine and disese. 16215
 Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk.
 Of that no charge; I wol speke of our werk.

v. 16211. *thurgh jupartie*] So ms. C. i. I have followed it as it comes nearest to the true original of our word *jeopardy*, which our etymologists have sadly mistaken: they deduce it from *j'ai perdu* or *jeu perdu*, but I rather believe it to be a corruption of *jeu parti*. A *jeu parti* is properly a game in which the chances are exactly even. [See *Froissart*, v. i. c. 234.] "Ils n'estoient pas à *jeu parti* contre les François. V. ii. c. 9, Se nous les voyons à *jeu parti*." From hence it signifies any thing uncertain or hazardous. In the old French poetry the discussion of a problem where much might be said on both sides was called a *jeu parti*. See *Poësies du Roy de Navarre*, *Chanson* xlviij, and *Gloss.* in v. See also *Du Cange*, in v. *Focus partitus*.

Whan we be ther as we shuln exercise
 Our elvisch craft we semen wonder wise,
 Our termes ben so clerghial and queinte. 16220
 I blow the fire til that myn herte seinte.
 What shuld I tellen eche proportion
 Of thinges whiche that we werchen upon,
 As on five or six unces, may wel be,
 Of silver, or som other quantitee? 16225
 And besie me to tellen you the names,
 As orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,
 That into poudre grounden ben ful smal?
 And in an erthen pot how put is al,
 And salt yput in and also pepere, 16230
 Beforn thise poudres that I speke of here,
 And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas?
 And of moche other thing which that ther was?
 And of the pottes and glasses engluting,
 That of the aire might passen out no thing? 16235
 And of the esy fire, and smert also,
 Which that was made? and of the care and wo
 That we had in our materes subliming,
 And in amalgaming and calcening
 Of quicksilver, ycleped Mercurie crude? 16240
 For all our sleightes we can not conclude.
 Our orpiment and sublimed mercurie,
 Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,
 Of eche of thise of unces a certain
 Not helpeth us; our labour is in vain. 16245

Ne, neyther our spirites ascentioun,
 Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,
 Mown in our werking nothing us availle,
 For lost is all our labour and travaille,
 And all the cost a twenty devil way, 16250
 Is lost also which we upon it lay.

Ther is also ful many another thing
 That is unto our craft apperteining,
 Though I by ordre hem nat reherfen can,
 Because that I am a lewed man, 16255
 Yet wol I telle hem as they come to minde,
 Though I ne cannot set hem in hir kinde,
 As bole armoniak, verdegrefe, boras,
 And sondry vessels made of erthe and glas,
 Our urinales, and our descensories, 16260
 Viols, croslettes and sublimatories,
 Cucurbites and alembikes eke,
 And other swiche ger, dere ynough a lcke,
 What nedeth it for to reherse hem alle?
 Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle, 16265
 Arfenik, sal armoniak, and brimston,
 And herbes coude I tell eke many on,
 As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,
 And other swiche, if that me list to tarie,
 Our lampes brenning bothe night and day, 16270
 To bring about our craft if that we may,
 Our fourneis eke of calcination,
 And of wateres albification,

Unflekke lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
 Poudres divers, affhes, dong, pisse, and cley, 16273
 Sered pokettes, sal peter, and vitriole,
 And divers fires made of wode and cole,
 Sal tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,
 And combust materes and coagulat,
 Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile 16280
 Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
 Rosalgar, and other materes enhibing,
 And eke of our materes encorporing,
 And of our silver citrination,
 Our cementing and fermentation, 16285
 Our ingottes, testes, and many thinges mo?

I wol yon tell as was me taught also
 The foure spirites and the bodies sevene
 By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
 The firste spirit Quiksilver cleped is, 16290
 The second Orpiment, the thridde ywis
 Sal Armoniak, and the fourth Brimston.

The bodies sevene eke, lo hem here anon:
 Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe,
 Mars iren, Mercurie quiksilver we clepe, 16295
 Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
 And Venus coper, by my fader kin.

This cursed craft who so wol exercise
 He shal no good have that him may suffice,

v. 16288. *The foure spirites, &c.* Compare *Gower, De Conf.*
Amant. b. iv. fol. 76, b.

For all the good he spendeth therabout **16300**
 He lesen shal, therof have I no doute,
 Who so that listeth uttren his folie
 Let him come forth and lernen multiplie;
 And every man that hath ought in his cofre
 Let him appere and wex a philosophre, **16305**
 Ascaunce that craft is so light to lere.
 Nay, nay, God wot al be he monk or frere,
 Preeft or chanon, or any other wight,
 Though he sit at his book both day and night
 In lerning of this elvish nice lore **16310**
 All is in vain, and parde mochel more
 To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee:
 Fie! speke not therof, for it wol not be:
 And conne he letterure or conne he non
 As in effect he shal finde it all on, **16315**
 For bothe two by my salvation
 Concluden in multiplication
 Ylike wel whan they have al ydo;
 This is to sain, they faillen bothe two.
 Yet forgate I to maken reherfaile **16320**
 Of waters corosif and of limaile,
 And of bodies mollification,
 And also of hir induration,
 Oiles, ablusions, metal fusible;
 To tellen all wold passen any Bible **16325**
 That o wher is; wherefore as for the best
 Of all thise names now wol I me rest;

†. 16306. *Ascaunce*] See the note on ver. 7327.

For as I trow I have you told ynow
To reise a fend, al loke he never so row.

A! nay, let be; the philosophres ston,
Elixer cleped, we seken fast eche on,

For had we him than were we siker ynow;

But unto God of heven I make avow,

For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,

And all our sleight, he wol not come us to: 16335

He hath ymade us spenden mochel good,

For forwe of which almost we waxen wood,

But that good hope crepeth in our herte;

Supposing ever, though we fore smerte,

To ben releved of him afterward: 16340

Swiche supposing and hope is sharpe and hard;

I warne you wel it is to seken ever:

That future *temps* hath made men dislever,

In trust therof, from all that ever they had,

Yet of that art they conne not waxen sad, 16345

For unto hem it is a bitter swete:

So semeth it, for ne had they but a shete

Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,

And a bratt to walken in by day-light,

They wold hem sell, and spend it on this craft: 16350

They conne not stinten til no thing be last;

And evermore, wher ever that they gon,

Men may hem kennien by smell of brimston:

For all the world they stinken as a gote;

Hir favour is so rammish and so hote 16355

That though a man a mile from hem be
The favour wol enfect him, trusteth me!

Lo, thus by smelling and thred-bare array
If that men list this folk they knowen may;
And if a man wol axe hem prively 16360
Why they be clothed so unthriftyly,
They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
And saien, if that they espied were
Men wolde hem sle because of hir science.
Lo, thus thise folk betraien innocence. 16365

Passé over this; I go my Tale unto
Er that the pot be on the fire ydo,
Of metals with a certain quantitee
My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he,
(Now he is gon I dare say boldly) 16370
For as men sain he can don craftily,
Algate I wote wel he hath swiche a name,
And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame;
And wete ye how? ful oft it falleth so
The pot to-breketh, and farewell! all is go. 16375
Thise metales ben of so gret violence
Our walles may not make hem resistance,
But if they weren wrought of lime and ston;
They percen so that thurgh the wall they gon,
And som of hem sinke down into the ground, 16380
(Thus have we lost by times many a pound)
And som are scatered all the flore aboute,
Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.

Though that the fend not in our sight him shewe
 I trow that he be with us, thilke shrewe 16385
 In helle, wher that he is lord and fire,
 Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.
 Whan that our pot is broke, as I have sayde,
 Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde;
 Som sayd it was long on the fire-making, 16390
 Som sayd nay, it was long on the blowing;
 (Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
 Straw! quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice;
 It was not tempred as it oughte to be;
 Nay, quod the fourthe, stint and herken me; 16395
 Because our fire was not made of beche
 That is the cause, and other non, so the iche.
 I can not tell wheron it was along,
 But wel I wot gret strif is us among.
 What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don;
 Of thise perils I wol beware eftone; 16401
 I am right fiker that the pot was crased.
 Be as be may be ye no thing amased;
 As usage is let swepe the flore as swithe;
 Plucke up your hertes, and be glad and blithe. 16405
 The mullok on an hepe ysweped was,
 And on the flore ycast a canevas,
 And all this mullok in a sive ythrowe,
 And sifted, and ypicked many a throwe.
 Parde, quod on, somwhat of our metall 16410
 Yet is ther here, though that we have not all;

And though this thing mishapped hath as now
 Another time it may be wel ynow.
 We mosten put our good in aventure;
 A marchant parde may not ay endure, 16415
 Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee;
 Somtime his good is drenched in the see,
 And somtime cometh it sauf unto the lond.

Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond
 To bring our craft all in another plite, 16420
 And but I do, Sires, let me have the wite:
 Ther was defeaute in somewhat wel I wote.

Another sayd the fire was over hote:
 But be it hote or cold I dare say this,
 That we concluden ever more amis; 16425
 We faille alway of that which we wold have,
 And in our madnesse evermore we rave,
 And whan we be together everich on
 Every man semeth a Salomon.
 But all thing which that shineth as the gold 16430
 Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told,
 Ne every apple that is faire at eye
 Ne is not good, what so men clap or crie.
 Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us;
 He that semeth the wifest, by Jesus 16435

¶ 16430. *But all thing*] This is taken from the *Parabole* of
Alanus de Insulis, who died in 1294. See *Leyser, Hist. Po. Med.*
Ævi, p. 1074;

Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum,
 Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet esse bonum.

Is most fool whan it cometh to the prese,
 And he that semeth trewest is a thefe
 That shal ye know or that I from you wende,
 By that I of my Tale have made an ende,

Ther was a chanon of religioun
 Amonges us wold enfect all a toun,
 Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
 Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, or other three.

His sleightes and his infinite falsenesse
 Ther coude no man writen, as I gesse,
 Though that he mighte live a thousand yere ;

In all this world of falsenesse n'is his pere,
 For in his termes he wol him so winde,
 And speke his wordes in so flie a kinde,
 Whan he comunen shal with any wight,
 That he wol make him doted anon right
 But it a fend be, as himselven is.

Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,
 And wol, if that he may live any while;
 And yet men gon and riden many a mile

Him for to seke, and have his acquaintance,
 Not knowing of his false governance;
 And if you lust to yeve me audience
 I wol it tellen here in your presence.

But, worshipful chanons religious,
 Ne demeth not that I sclander your hous,
 Although that my Tale of a chanon be :
 Of every order som shrew is parde;

And God forbode that all a compaignie
 Shuld rewe a singuler mannes folie. 16465
 To sclander you is no thing min entent,
 But to correcten that is mis I ment.
 This Tale was not only told for you
 But eke for other mo: ye wote wel how
 That among Cristes aposteles twelve 16470
 Ther was no traitour but Judas himselve;
 Than why shuld al the remenant have blame,
 That giltles were? By you I say the same;
 Save only this, if ye wol herken me,
 If any Judas in your covent be 16475
 Remeveth him betimes I you rede,
 If shame or los may causen any drede;
 And be no thing displefed I you pray,
 But in this cas herkeneth what I say.

In London was a preeft, an annuellere, 16480
 That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,

¶. 16480. *a preeft an annuellere*] They were called *annuelleres*, not from their receiving a yearly stipend, as the Gloss. explains it, but from their being employed solely in singing annuals or anniversary masses for the dead, without any cure of souls. See the stat. 36 Edw. III. c. viii. where the Chapelleins Parochiels are distinguished from others; "*Chantanz anuales, et a cure des almes nient entendantz.*" They were both to receive yearly stipends, but the former was allowed to take six marks, and the latter only five. Compare stat. 2. H. V. ft. ii. c. 2, where the stipend of the Chapellein Parochiel is raised to eight marks, and that of the Chapellein Annueler (he is so named in the statute) to seven.

Which was so plesant and so servisable
Unto the wif ther as he was at table,
That she wold suffer him no thing to pay
For borde ne clothing, went he never so gay; 16485
And spending silver had he right ynow:
Therof no force; I wol proceed as now,
And tellen forth my Tale of the chanon
That broughte this preest to confusion.

This false chanon came upon a day 16490
Unto the preestes chambre ther he lay,
Beseeching him to lene him a certain
Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.
Lene me a marke, quod he, but dayes three,
And at my day I wol it quiten thee; 16495
And if it so be that thou finde me false
Another day hang me up by the halfe.

This preest him toke a marke, and that as swith,
And this chanon him thanked often sith,
And toke his leve, and weente forth his wey; 16500
And at the thridde day brought his money,
And to the preest he toke his gold again,
Wherof this preest was wonder glad and fain.

Certes, quod he, nothing anoieth me
To lene a man a noble, or two, or three, 16505
Or what thing were in my possession,
Whan he so trewe is of condition
That in no wise he breken wol his day;
To swiche a man I can never say nay.

What? quod this chanon, shuld I be untrewed?
 Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe: 16511
 Trowth is a thing that I wol ever kepe
 Unto the day in which that I shal crepe
 Into my grave, and elles God forbede!
 Beleveth this as liker as your crede, 16519
 God thanke I, and in good time be it sayde,
 That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde
 For gold ne silver that he to me lent,
 Ne never falskede in min herte I ment.

And, Sire, (quod he) now of my privetee, 16526
 Sin ye so goodlich have ben unto me,
 And kithed to me so gret gentilleffe,
 Somwhat to quiten with your kindenesse
 I wol you shewe, and if you lust to lere
 I wol you techen plainly the manere 16525
 How I can werken in philosophie:
 Taketh good heed, ye shuln wel sen at eye
 That I wol do a maistrice or I go.

Ye, quod the preest; ye, Sire, and wol ye so?
 Mary, therof I pray you hertily. 16530

At your commandement, Sire, trewely,
 Quod the chanon, and elles God forbede.
 Lo, how this thefe cotde his service bede.

Ful soth it is that swiche profered service
 Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde wise, 16535
 And that ful sone I wol it verifie
 In this chanon, rote of all trecherie,

That evermore delight hath and gladnesse
 (Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empreffe)
 How Cristes peple he may to meschief bring: 16540
 God kepe us from his false dissimuling!
 Nought wiste this preest with whom that he delt,
 Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.
 O sely preest! o sely innocent!
 With covetise anon thou shalt be blent; 16545
 O graceles! ful blind is thy conceite,
 For nothing art thou ware of the disceite
 Which that this fox yshapen hath to thee;
 His wily wrenches thou ne mayst not flee:
 Wherfore to go to the conclusion, 16550
 That referreth to thy confusion,
 Unhappy man! anon I wol me hie
 To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,
 And eke the falsenesse of that other wretch,
 As ferforth as that my conning will stretch. 16555

This chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;
 Sire Hoste, in faith, and by the heven quene,
 It was another chanon, and not he
 That can an hundred part more subtiltee:
 He hath betraied folkes many a time; 16560
 Of his falsenesse it dulleth me to rime:
 Ever whan that I speke of his falskede
 For shame of him my chekes waxen rede,
 Algates they begynnen for to glowe,
 For rednesse have I non, right wel I knowe, 16565

In my visage, for fumes diuerse
Of metals which ye have herd me reherse
Consumed han and wasted my rednesse.
Now take hede of this chanons cursednesse.

Sire, quod the chanon, let your yeman gon 16570
For quiksilver, that we it had anon,
And let him bringen unces two or three,
And whan he cometh as faste shul ye see
A wonder thing, which ye saw never er this.

Sire, quod the preest, it shal be don ywis. 16575
He bad his servant fetchen him this thing,
And he al redy was at his bidding,
And went him forth, and came anon again
With this quiksilver, shortly for to fain,
And toke thise unces three to the chanoun, 16580
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,
And bad the servant coles for to bring,
That he anon might go to his werking.

The coles right anon weren yfet,
And this chanon toke out a crosselet 16585
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the preest.
This instrument, quod he, which that thou seest
Take in thyn hond, and put thyself therin
Of this quiksilver an unce, and here begin
In the name of Crist to wex a philosophre : 16590
Ther be ful fewe which that I wolde profre
To shewen hem thus muche of my science;
For here shul ye see by experience

That this quiksilver I wol mortifie,
 Right in your sight anon withouten lie, 16595
 And make it as good silver and as fine
 As ther is any in your purse or mine
 Or elles wher, and make it malliable,
 And elles holdeth me false and unable
 Amonges folk for ever to appere. 16600

I have a pouder here, that cost me dere,
 Shal make all good, for it is cause of all
 My conning which that I you shewen shall.
 Voideth your man, and let him be therout,
 And shet the dore, while we ben about 16605
 Our privetee, that no man us espie
 While that we werke in this philosophie.

All as he bade fulfilled was in dede :
 This ilke servant anon right out yede,
 And his maister shette the dore anon, 16610
 And to hir labour spedily they gon.

This preest at this cursed chanons bidding
 Upon the fire anon he set this thing,
 And blew the fire, and besied him ful fast;
 And this chanon into the crosselet cast 16615
 A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was
 Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
 Or fomwhat elles, was not worth a flie,
 To blinden with this preest, and bade him hie
 The coles for to couchen all above 16620
 The crosselet, for in tokening I thee love

(Quod this chanon) thine owen bondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do.

Grand mercy, quod the preest, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the chanon bad; 16625
And while he besy was this fendly wretch,
This false chanon, (the foule fend him fetch)
Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful subtilly was made an hole,
And therin put was of silver limaile. 16630
An unce, and stopped was withouten faile
The hole with wax to kepe the limaile in.

And understandeth that this false gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I shal tell you more 16635
Hereafterward which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther him to begile he thought,
And so he did or that they went atwin;
Til he had torned him coud he not blin.
It dulleth me whan that I of him speke; 16640
On his falsshede fain wold I me awreke
If I wist how; but he is here and ther:
He is so variaunt he abit no wher.

But taketh hede, Sires, now, for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I spake above, 16645
And in his hond he bare it prively,
And whiles the preest couched besily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This chanon sayde; Frend, ye don amis;

This is not couched as it ought to be, 1665e
But sone I shal amenden it, quod he.

Now let me meddle therewith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.

Ye ben right hot; I see wel how ye swete;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete. 1665j

And whiles that the preest wiped his face
This chanon toke his cole with sory grace,
And laied it above on the midward
Of the crosselet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnen fast to bren. 1666o

Now yeve us drinke, quod this chanon, then,
As swithe all shall be wel I undertake:
Sitte we down, and let us mery make.

And whanne that this chanones bechen cole
Was brent all the limaile out of the hole 1666j
Into the crosselet anon fell adoun;

And so it muste nedes by resoun,
Sin it above so even couched was,
But therof wist the preest nothing, alas!
He demed all the coles ylike good, 1667o
For of the sleight he nothing understood.

And whan this alkymistre saw his time,
Riseth up, Sire Preest, quod he, and stondeth by me,
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ston,
For I wol make it of the same shap 1667b
That is an ingot, if I may have hap:

Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne
 Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne
 How that our besynesse shal thrive and preve; 16680
 And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve
 Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,
 I ne wol not ben out of your presence,
 But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambre dore, shortly for to sain, 16683
 They opened and shet, and went hir wey,
 And forth with hem they caried the key,
 And camen again withouten any delay.
 What shuld I tarien all the longe day?
 He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise 16690
 Of an ingot, as I shal you devise;
 I say he toke out of his owen sleve
 A teine of silver (yvel mote he cheve)
 Which that ne was but a just unce of weight;
 And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight; 16695
 He shop his ingot in length and in brede
 Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,
 So slyly that the preest it not espide,
 And in his sleve again he gan it hide,
 And from the fire he toke up his matere, 16700
 And in the ingot it put with mery chere,
 And in the water-vessel he it cast
 Whan that him list, and bad the preest as fast
 Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;
 Thou shalt ther finden silver, as I hope. 16705

What, diuel of helle! shuld it elles be!
Shaving of siluer siluer is parde.

He put his hond in and toke up a teine
Of siluer fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preeft whan he saw that it was so. 16710
Goddess blessing, and his mothers also,
And alle Halwes, have ye, Sire Chanon!
Sayde this preeft, and I hir malison,
But and ye vouchesauf to techen me
This noble craft and this subtiltee 16715
I wol be your in all that ever I may.

Quod the chanon, Yet wol I make assay
The second time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your nede
Another day assay in min absence 16720
This discipline and this crafty science.
Let take another unce, quod he tho,
Of quiksilver, withouten wordes mo,
And do therwith as ye have don er this
With that other which that now siluer is. 16725

The preeft him besieth all that ever he can
To don as this chanon, this cursed man,
Commanderh him, and faste blewe the fire
For to come to the effect of his desire;
And this chanon right in the mene while 16730
Al redy was this preeft est to begile,
And for a countenance in his hond bare
An holow slikke, (take kepe and beware)

In the ende of which an unce and no more
Of silver limaile put was, as before 16735
Was in his cole, and flopped with wax wel
For to kepe in his limaile every del;
And while this preest was in his besinneffe
This chanon with his slikke gan him dresse
To him anon; and his pouder cast in 16740
As he did erst, (the devil out of his skin
Him torne, I pray to God, for his falshede,
For he was ever false in thought and dede)
And with his slikke above the crosselet,
That was ordained with that false get, 16745
He stirreth the coles til relenten gan
The wax again the fire, as every man
But he a fool he wote wel it mote nede,
And all that in the slikke was out yede,
And in the crosselet hastily it fell. 16750

Now, goode Sires, what wol ye bet than wel?
Whan that this preest was thus begiled again,
Supposing nought but trouthe, soth to fain,
He was so glad that I can not expresse
In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse, 16755
And to the chanon he profered eft sone
Body and good. Ye, quod the chanon, sone,
Though poure I be crafty thou shalt me finde:
I warne thee wel yet is ther more behinde.

Is ther any coper here within? sayd he? 16760
Ye, Sire, quod the preest, I trow ther be.

Elles go beie us som, and that as swithe.

Now, goode Sire, go forth thy way and hie the.

He went his way, and with the coper he came,
And this chanon it in his hondes name, 1676j

And of that coper weyed out an unce.

To simple is my tonge to pronounce,

As minister of my wit, the doubleneffe

Of this chanon, rote of all cursedneffe :

He semed frendly to hem that knew him nought,

But he was fendly both in werk and thought. 1677f

It werieth me to tell of his falseneffe,

And natheles yet wol I it expresse,

To that entent men may beware therby,

And for non other cause trewely. 1677s

He put this coper into the crosselet,

And on the fire as swithe he hath it fet,

And cast in pouder, and made the preest to blow,

And in his werking for to stoupen low

As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape; 1678o

Right as him list the preest he made his ape;

And afterward in the ingot he it cast,

And in the panne put it at the last

Of water, and in he put his owen hond :

And in his sleve, as ye beforen hond 1678s

Herde me tell, he had a silver teine;

He slyly toke it out, this cursed heine,

(Unweting this preest of his false craft)

And in the pannes botome he it last,

And in the water rombleth to and fro, 16790
 And wonder prively toke up also
 The copper teine, (not knowing thilke preest)
 And hid it, and him hente by the brest,
 And to him spake, and thus said in his game;
 Stoupeth adoun; by God ye be to blame; 16795
 Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;
 Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.

This preest toke up this silver teine anon;
 And thanne said the chanon, Let us gon on, 16799
 With thise three teines which that we han wrought
 To som goldsmith, and wete if they han ought,
 For by my faith I a' olde for my hood
 But if they weren silver fine and good,
 And that as swithe wel preved shal it be.

Unto the goldsmith with thise teines three 16805
 They went anon, and put hem in assay
 To fire and hammer: might no man say nay
 But that they weren as hem ought to be.

This foted preest, who was gladder than he?
 Was never brid gladder agains the day, 16810
 Ne nightingale in the seson of May
 Was never non that list better to sing,
 Ne lady lustier in carolling,
 Or for to speke of love and womanhede,
 Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede 16815
 To stonden in grace of his lady dere,
 Than hadde this preest this craft for to lere;

And to the chanon thus he spake and seid :
 For the love of God that for us alle deid,
 And as I may deserve it unto you, 16820
 What shal this receit cost? telleth me now.

By our Lady, quod this chanon, it is dere.
 I warne you wel that fave I and a frere
 In Englelond ther can no man it make.

No force, quod he : now, Sire, for Goddes sake
 What shall I pay? telleth me I you pray. 16826

Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I say.
 Sire, at o word, if that you list it have
 Ye shal pay fourty pound, so God me fave;
 And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this, 16830
 To me ye shulden payen more ywis.

This preeft the sum of fourty pound anon
 Of nobles fet, and toke hem everich on
 To this chanon for this ilke receit.
 All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit. 16835

Sire Preeft, he said, I kepe for to have no loos
 Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos,
 And as ye love me kepeth it secree,
 For if men knewen all my subtiltee,
 By God they wolden have so gret envie 16840
 To me, because of my philosophie,
 I shuld be ded, ther were non other way.

God it forbede, quod the preeft, what ye say :
 Yet had I lever spenden all the good
 Which that I have (and elles were I wood) 16845

Than that ye shuld fallen in swiche meschefe.

For your good will, Sire, have ye right good preef,
Quod the chanon; and farewel, *grand mercy*.

He went his way, and never the preef him sey

After that day. And whan that this preef shold

Maken assay, at swiche time as he wold, 16831

Of this receit, farewel! it n'old not be.

Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he;

Thus maketh he his introduction

To bringen folk to hir destruction. 16835

Confidereh, Sires, how that in eche estat

Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,

So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.

This multiplying so blint many on

That in good faith I trowe that it be 16860

The cause gretest of swiche scarfitee.

Thise philosophres speke so mistily

In this craft that men cannot come therby

For any wit that men have now adayes:

They mow wel chateren as don thise jayes, 16865

And in hir termes set hir lust and peine,

But to hir purpos shul they never atteine.

A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,

To multiplie and bring his good to nought.

Lo, swiche a lure is in this lusty game 16870

A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,

And emptien also gret and hevy purses,

And maken folk for to purchafen curses.

Of hem that han therto hir good ylent.

O, fy for shame! they that han be brent, 16873

Alas! can they not flee the fires here?

Ye that it use I rede that ye it lete,

Lest ye lese all; for bet than never is late:

Never to thriven were to long a date:

Though ye prolle ay ye shul it never find; 16880

Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,

That blondereth forth, and peril casteth non;

He is as bold to renne agains a ston

As for to go besides in the way:

So faren ye that multiplien I say. 16885

If that your eynen cannot seen aright

Loketh that youre mind lacke not his sight,

For though ye loke never so brode and stare

Ye shuln not win a mite on that chaffare,

But wasten all that ye may rape and renne. 16890

Withdraw the fire lest it to faste brenne;

Medleth no more with that art I mene,

For if ye don your thrift is gon ful clene:

And right as swithe I wol you tellen here

What philosophres fain in this matere. 16895

Lo, thus saith Arnolde of the newe toun,

As his Rosarie maketh mentioun;

He saith right thus, withouten any lie,

Ther may no man mercurie mortifie

But it be with his brothers knowleching. 16900

Lo, how that he which firste said this thing

Of philosophres father was, Hermes;
 He saith how that the dragon douteles
 Ne dieth not but if that he be slain
 With his brother; and this is for to sain, 16905
 By the dragon Mercury and non other
 He understood, and Brimstone by his brother,
 That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.
 And therefore, said he, Take heed to my sawe:

Let no man besie him this art to seche 16910
 But if that he the entention and speche
 Of philosophres understonden can,
 And if he do he is a lewed man;
 For this science and this conning (quod he)
 Is of the secree of secrees parde. 16915

Also ther was a discipule of Plato
 That on a time said his maister to,
 As his book Senior wol bere witnesse,
 And this was his demand in sothfastnesse,

¶ 16915. *the secree of secrees*] He alludes to a treatise entitled *Secreta Secretorum*, which was supposed to contain the sum of Aristotle's instructions to Alexander. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Ægidius de Columna, a famous divine and bishop about the latter end of the 13th century, built upon it his book *De Regimine Principum*, of which our Occleve made a free translation in English verse, and addressed it to Henry V. while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydgate's translation of the *Secreta Secretorum* is printed in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 397.; he did not translate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See *ms. Harl.* 2251, and *Tanner, Bib. Brit.* in v. *Lydgate*. The greatest part of the 7th book of *Gower's Conf. Amant.* is taken from this supposed work of Aristotle.

¶ 16918. *As his book Senior*] *Ed. Urr.* reads—*As in his book*

Telle me the name of thilke priuee ston. 16920

And Plato answerd unto him anon ;

Take the ston that Titanos men name.

Which is that ? quod he. Magnetia is the same,

Saide Plato. Ye, Sire, and is it thus ?

This is *ignotum per ignotius*. 16925

What is magnetia, good Sire, I pray ?

It is a water that is made, I say,

Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.

Tell me the rote, good Sire, quod he tho,

Of that water, if that it be your will. 16930

Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'll :

The philosophres were sworne everich on

That they ne shuld discover it unto non,

Ne in no book it write in no manere,

For unto God it is so lefe and dere 16935

That he wol not that it discovered be

But wher it liketh to his deitee

Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende

Whom that him liketh ; lo, this is the ende.

Than thus conclude I ; sin that God of heven 16940

Ne wol not that the philosophres neven

—which I should have preferred to the common reading if I had found it in any copy of better authority.—The book alluded to is printed in the *Theatrum Chemicum*, vol. v. p. 219, under this title, *Senioris Zadith fil. Hamuelis tabula Chymica*. The story which follows of Plato and his disciple is there told, [p. 249.] with some variations, of Salomon ; “Dixit Salomon rex, Recipe lapidem qui dicitur *Tbitarios*—Dixit sapiens, “Assigna mihi illum. Dixit, est corpus *magnesiæ*—Dixit, quid “est *magnesiæ* ? Respondit, *magnesiæ* est aqua, compfita,” &c.

How that a man shal come unto this ston,
 I rede as for the best to let it gon;
 For who so maketh God his adversary,
 As for to werken any thing in contrary 16945
 Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,
 Though that he multiply terme of his live.
 And ther a point, for ended is my Tale.
 God send every good man bote of his bale! 16949

THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

WERE ye not wher stondeth a litel toun
 Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down,
 Under the Blee in Canterbury way?
 Ther gan our Hoste to jape and to play,
 And sayde; Sires, what? Dun is in the mire;
 Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire 16955
 That wol awaken our felaw behind?
 A thefe him might ful lightly rob and bind:
 See how he nappeth, fee, for cockes bones,
 As he wold fallen from his hors atones.
 Is that a coke of London, with meschance? 16960
 Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance,

†. 16961. *Do him come forth*] So mss. *Ask*. 1, 2, and some others. The common reading is—*Do him comfort*. The alteration is material, not only as it gives a clearer sense, but as it intimates to us that the narrator of a Tale was made to come out of the crowd, and to take his place within hearing of the Host during his narration. Agreeably to this notion when the Host calls upon Chaucer [ver. 13628,] he says,

Approche nere, and loke up meryly.

Now ware yon, Sires, and let this man have place.

It was necessary that the Hoste, who was to be *juge and report*.

For he shal tell a Tale by my fey,
 Although it be not worth a botel hey.
 Awake, thou coke, quod he; God yeve thee forwe,
 What aileth thee to slepen by the morwe? 16965
 Hast thou had fleen al night, or art thou dronke?
 Or hast thou with som quene al night yswonke
 So that thou mayst not holden up thin hed?

This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,
 Sayd to our Hoste; So God my soule bleffe, 16970
 As ther is falle on me swiche hevynesse,
 N'ot I nat why, that me were lever to slepe
 Than the best gallon wine that is in Chepe.

Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don ese
 To thee, Sire Coke, and to no wight displese 16975
 Which that here rideth in this compaignie,
 And that our Hoste wol of his curtesie,
 I wol as now excuse thee of thy Tale,
 For in good faith thy visage is ful pale:
 Thin eyen dasen, sothly as me thinketh, 16980
 And wel I wot thy breth ful soure stinketh,
 That sheweth wel thou art not wel disposed:
 Of me certain thou shalt not ben yglofed.

four of the Tales, [ver. 816,] should hear them all distinctly; the others might hear as much as they could or as they chose of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor to speak audibly to a company of thirty people trotting on together in a road of the 14th century.

✧. 16965. *to slepen by the morwe*] This must be understood generally for the daytime, as it was then afternoon. It has been observed in the *Discourse*, &c. §. 13, that in this episode of the Coke no notice is taken of his having told a Tale before.

See how he galpeth, lo, this dronken wight,
 As though he wold us swalow anon right! 1698⁵
 Hold close thy mouth, man, by thy father kin;
 The devil of helle set his foot therin,
 Thy cursed breth enfecten wol us alle:
 Fy, stinking swine! fy, foul mote thee befall!
 A! taketh heed, Sires, of this lusty man. 1699⁰
 Now, swete Sire! wol ye just at the fan?
 Therto me thinketh ye be wel yshape:
 I trow that ye have dronken win of ape,

¶. 16991. *wol ye just at the fan*] Some mss. read—*van*. The sense of both words is the same. The thing meant is the quintaine, which is called a *fan* or *van*, from its turning round like a weathercock. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Vana*, *Menestrier sur les tournois*, as quoted by *Menage*, *Dict. Etymol.* in v. *Quintaine*, and *Kennet's Paroch. Antiq.*

¶. 16993. *win of ape*] This is the reading of mss. *HA. D. E.* and ed. *Ca. 1*, and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloss. of this and the preceding passage from Mr. Speght is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Win of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de singe* in the old *Calendrier des Bergiers*, sign. L ii. b. The author is treating of physiognomy, and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The cholerick, he says, "*A vin de Lyon; cest a dire, quant a bien beau veult tanter noyer et battre*"—The sanguine, "*A vin de Singe; quant a plus-beu tant est plus joyeux*."—In the same manner the phlegmatick is said to have *vin de mouton*, and the melancholick *vin de porceau*.—I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little rabbinical tradition, which I shall transcribe here from *Rabrie. Cod. Pseudepig. V. T.* vol. i. p. 275.; "*Vineas plantanti Noacho Satanam se junxisse memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, mactaverit apud illas ovem, leonem, simiam et suem: quod principio potus vini homo sit instar ovis, vinum sumptum efficiat ex homine leonem, largius haustum mutet eum in saltantem*

And that is whan men playen with a straw.

And with this speche the coke waxed all wraw,
And on the Manciple he gan nod fast 16996
For lacke of speche, and doun his hors him cast,
Wher as he lay til that men him up toke :

This was a faire chivachee of a coke :

Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel! 17000
And er that he agen were in the fadel

Ther was gret shoving bothe to and fro
To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,
So unweldy was this sely palled goft ;
And to the Manciple than spake our Host. 17005

Because that drinke hath domination
Upon this man, by my salvation
I trow he lewedly wol tell his Tale ;
For were it win or old or moisty ale
That he hath dronke he speketh in his nose, 17010
And snefeth fast, and eke he hath the pose ;
He also hath to don more than ynough
To kepe him on his capel out of the slough,
And if he falle from of his capel cftfone
Than shul we alle have ynough to done 17015
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.
Tell on thy Tale, of him make I no force.

"simiam, ad ebrietatem infusum transformet illum in pollutam et prostratam suam." See also *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 159, where a story of the same purport is quoted from *Josephus*, "in libro de casu rerum naturalium."

¶ 16999. *a faire chivachee*] A fair expedition. See the n. on ver. 85. The common editt. read—*chevifance*.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice
 Thus openly to reprove him of his vice;
 Another day he wol paraventure 17020
 Recleimen thee, and bring thee to the lure;
 I mene he spoken wol of smale thinges,
 As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
 That were not honest if it came to prese.

Quod the Manciple, That were a gret meschefe;
 So might he lightly bring me in the snare; 17026
 Yet had I lever payen for the mare
 Which he rit on than he shuld with me strive:
 I wol not wrathen him, so mote I thrive:
 That that I spake I sayd it in my bourd. 17030
 And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd
 A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,
 And right anon ye shul seen a good jape;
 This coke shal drinke therof if that I may;
 Up peine of my lif he wol not say nay. 17035

And certainly, to tellen as it was,
 Of this vessell the coke dranke fast, (alas!
 What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforne)
 And whan he hadde pouped in his horne
 To the Manciple he toke the gourd again; 17040
 And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,
 And thonked him in swiche wise as he coude.

Than gan our Hoste to laughen wonder loude,
 And sayd; I see wel it is necessary
 Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary, 17045

For that wol turnen rancour and disefe
To accord and love, and many a wrong afeſe.

O Bacchus, Bacchus! bleſſed be thy name,
That ſo canſt turnen ernest into game;
Worſhip and thonke be to thy deitee. 17050

Of that matere ye get no more of me.
Tell on thy Tale, Manciple, I thee pray.

Wel, Sire, quod he, now herkeneth what I ſay.

THE MANCIPLES TALE.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,
As olde bookes maken mentioun, 17055

He was the moſte luſty bacheler
Of all this world, and eke the beſt archer:

He ſlew Phiton the ſerpent as he lay
Sleping agains the ſonne upon a day,
And many another noble worthy dede 17060

He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.

Playen he coude on every miniſtralcie,
And ſingen that it was a melodie

To heren of his clere vois the ſoun:

Certes the King of Thebes Amphioun, 17065

That with his ſinging walled the citee,

Coud never ſingen half ſo wel as he.

The Manciples Tale] Phœbus kepeth a white crow which can ſpeak as a jay. The crow accuſeth his wife, of whom he was too jealous, to have played falſe in his abſence; hereupon with an arrow he ſlayeth his wife, but after repenting of his rathneſs he taketh revenge of the crow. *Urry.*

Therto he was the semelieste man,
 That is or was sithen the world began;
 What nedeth it his fecture to describe?
 For in this world n'is non so faire on live;
 He was therewith fulfilled of gentilleffe,
 Of honour, and of parfite worthinesse.

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelerie,
 As wel in fredom as in chivalrie,
 For his disport, in signe eke of victorie
 Of Phiton, so as telleth us the storie,
 Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.
 Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
 Which in a cage he fostred many a day,
 And taught it speken, as men teche a jay.
 Whit was this crowe, as is a snow-whit swan,
 And contrefete the speche of every man.
 He coude whan he shulde tell a tale;
 Therwith in all this world no nightingale
 Ne coude by an hundred thousand del
 Singen so wonder merily and wel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif,
 Which that he loved more than his lif,
 And night and day did ever his diligence
 Hire for to plesse and don hire reverence;
 Save only, if that I the soth shal fain,
 Jelous he was, and wold have kept hire fain,
 For him were loth yjaped for to be,
 And so is every wight in swiche degree:

But all for nought, for it availeth nought.
 A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,
 Shuld not be kept in non await certain;
 And trewely the labour is in vain
 To kepe a shrewe, for it wol not be. 17100
 This hold I for a veray nicetee
 To spillen labour for to kepen wives;
 Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.

But now to purpos as I first began.
 This worthy Phebus doth all that he can 17105
 To plesen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,
 And for his manhood and his governance,
 That no man shulde put him from hire grace;
 But God it wote ther may no man embrace
 As to destreine a thing which that Nature 17110
 Hath naturelly set in a creature.

Take any brid and put it in a cage,
 And do all thin entente and thy corage
 To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke
 Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke, 17115
 And kepe it al so clenely as thou may,
 Although the cage of gold be never so gay,
 Yet had this brid by twenty thousand fold
 Lever in a forest that is wilde and cold
 Gon eten wormes and swiche wretchednesse: 17120
 For ever this brid will don his besinesse

✱. 17112. *Take any brid*] This passage is too like one which has occurred before in *The Squieres Tale*, ver. 10925. The thought is plainly taken from *Boetbius*, l. iii. met. 2. See also *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14717—34.

To escape out of his cage whan that he may :
His libertee the brid desireth ay.

Let take a cat, and foster hire with milke
And tendre flesh, and make hire couche of silke,
And let hire see a mous go by the wall,
Anon she weiveth milke and flesh and all,
And every deintee that is in that hous,
Swiche appetit hath she to ete the mous.
Lo, here hath kind hire domination,
And appetit flemeth discretion.

A she-wolf hath also a vilains kind;
The lewedeſte wolf that ſhe may find,
Or leſt of reputation, wol ſhe take
In time whan hire luſt to have a make.

All theſe enſamples ſpeke I by theſe men
That ben untrewe, and nothing by women;
For men have ever a likerous appetit
On lower thing to parforme hir delit
Than on hir wives, be they never ſo faire
Ne never ſo trewe ne ſo debonaire.

ψ. 17124. *Let take a cat*] This is imitated from *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14825.

ψ. 17130. *Lo, bere bath kind*] So mss. *Aſk.* 1, 2. The common edit. read *luſt*. *Kind* is nature. See the next line but one, and ver. 10922, 4.

ψ. 17132. *A ſhe-wolf*] This is alſo from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 8142.;

Tout ainſi comme fait la louve,
Que ſa folle tant empire,
Qu'elle prent de tous loups le pire.

Flesh is so newefangle, with mescance,
That we ne con in nothing have plesance
That souneth unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Disceived was for all his jolitee, 17146
For under him another hadde she,
A man of litel reputation,
Nought worth to Phebus in comparison:
The more harme is: it happeth often so, 17150
Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.

And so befell whan Phebus was absent
His wif anon hath for hire lemman sent.
Hire lemman! certes that is a knavish speche;
Foryeve it me, and that I you besече. 17155

The wise Plato sayth, as ye now rede,
The word must nede accorden with the dede:
If men shul tellen proprely a thing
The word must cosin be to the werking.
I am a boiltous man, right thus say I; 17160
Ther is no difference trewely
Betwix a wif that is of high degree
(If of hire body dishonest she be)
And any poure wenche, other than this,
(If it so be they werken both amis) 17165
But for the gentil is in estat above
She shal be cleped his Lady and his Love,
And for that other is a poure woman
She shal be cleped his Wenche and his Lemman;

And God it wote, min owen dere brother! 17170
Men lay as low that on as lith that other.

Right so betwix a titleles tiraunt
And an outlawe, or any thefe erraunt,
The same I say; ther is no difference,
(To Alexander told was this sentence) 17175
But for the tyrant is of greter might
By force of meinie for to fle down right,
And brennen hous and home, and make all plain,
Lo, therfore is he cleped a Capitain;
And for the outlawe hath but smale meinie, 17180
And may not do so gret an harme as he,
Ne bring a contree to so gret meschiefe,
Men clepen him an Outlawe or a Thefe.

But for I am a man not textuel
I wol not tell of textes never a del; 17185
I wol go to my Tale as I began.

Whan Phebus wif had sent for hire lemman
Anon they wroughten all hir lust volage,
This white crowe, that heng ay in the cage,
Beheld hir werke, and sayde never a word; 17190
And whan that home was come Phebus the lord,
This crowe song Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow! [now?
What? brid, quod Phebus, what song fingest thou

†. 17173. *or any thefe*] *Any* is from conjecture only, instead of *a*, the reading of all the mss. that I have consulted. The reading of ed. Urr. is—*or elles a thefe*—whether from authority or conjecture I cannot tell; but even as a conjecture I should have adopted it in preference to my own if I had taken notice of it in time.

Ne were thou wont so merily to sing,
That to my herte it was a rejoyfing 17195
To here thy vois? Alas! what song is this?

By God, quod he, I finge not amis.
Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthineffe,
For all thy beautee and all thy gentilleffe,
For all thy song and all thy minstralcie, 17200
For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye
With on of litel reputation,
Not worth to thee as in comparifon
The mountance of a gnat, so mote I thrive,
For on thy bedde thy wif I saw him fwive. 17205

What wol you more? the crowe anon him told,
By fade tokenes and by wordes bold,
How that his wif had don hire lecherie
Him to gret shame and to gret vilanie,
And told him oft he sawe it with his eyen. 17210

This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien;
Him thought his woful herte brast atwo;
His bowe he bent, and fet therin a flo,
And in his ire he hath his wif yslain:
This is the effect, ther is no more to fain; 17215
For forwe of which he brake his minstralcie,
Both harpe and lute, giterne and fautrie,
And eke he brake his arwes and his bowe,
And after that thus spake he to the crowe:

Traitour, quod he, with tonge of fcorpion 17220
Thou haft me brought to my confufion:

Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dede!

O dere wif, o gemme of lustyhede!
That were to me so fader and eke so trewe,
Now liest thou ded, with face pale of hewe, 17225
Ful gilteles, that durst I swere ywis.

O rakel hond! to do so foule a mis:
O troubled wit, o ire reccheles!
That unavised smitest gilteles:
O wantrust! ful of false suspencion, 17230
Wher was thy wit and thy discretion?

O! every man beware of rakelnesse,
Ne trowe no thing withouten strong witnesse:
Smite not to sone er that ye weten why,
And beth avised wel and fikerly 17235
Or ye do any execution
Upon your ire for suspencion.

Alas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire
Fully fordon, and brought hem in the mire.
Alas! for sorwe I wol myselven fle. 17240

And to the crowe, O false thefe! said he,
I wol thee quite anon thy false tale;
Thou song whilom like any nightingale,
Now shalt thou, false thefe, thy song forgon,
And eke thy white fethers everich on, 17245
Ne never in all thy lif ne shalt thou speke;
Thus shul men on a traitour ben awreke.
Thou and thin ofspring ever shul be blake,
Ne never swete noife shul ye make,

But ever crie ageins tempest and rain, 17250

In token that thurgh thee my wif is slain.

And to the crowe he stert, and that anon,

And pulled his white fethers everich on,

And made him blak, and raft him all his song

And eke his speche, and out at dore him flong 17255

Unto the devil, which I him betake;

And for this cause ben alle crowes blake.

Lordings, by this ensample I you pray

Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye say,

Ne telleth never man in all your lif 17260

How that another man hath dight his wif;

He wol you haten mortally certain.

Dan Salomon, as wise clerkes sain,

Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel;

But, as I sayd, I am no textuel: 17265

But natheles thus taughte me my dame;

My sone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name:

My sone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;

A wicked tonge is werse than a fend:

My sone, from a fende men may hem blesse: 17270

My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse

Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,

For man shuld him avisen what he speke:

My sone, ful often for to mochel speche

Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes teche, 17275

But for a litel speche avisedly

Is no man shent, to speken generally:

My sone, thy tonge shuldest thou restraine
 At alle time, but whan thou dost thy peine
 To speke of God in honour and prayere: 17280
 The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt lere,
 Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tonge;
 Thus leren children whan that they be yonge:
 My sone, of mochel speking evil avised,
 Ther lesse speking had ynough suffised, 17285
 Cometh mochel harme: thus was me told and taught,
 In mochel speche sinne wanteth naught.
 Wost thou wherof a rakel tonge serveth?
 Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth
 An arme atwo, my dere sone! right so 17290
 A tonge cutteth frendship all atwo:
 A jangler is to God abhominable.
 Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,
 Rede David in his Psalmes, rede Senek.
 My sone, speke not but with thyn hed thou beck;
 Diffimule as thou were dese if that thou here 17296
 A janglour speke of perilous matere.
 The Fleming sayth, and lerne if that thee lest,
 That litel jangling causeth mochel rest.

v. 17278. *My sone, thy tonge*] In the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7399,
 this precept is quoted from Ptolomée;

Au commencer de l'*Almageste*.

See the note on ver. 5764.

v. 17281. *The firste vertue*] This precept is also quoted in
 the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7415, from *Cato*; it is extant l. i. dist. 3.;

Virtutem primam esse puta comescere linguam.

My sone, if thou no wicked word hast said 17306
 Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;
 But he that hath mislayd, I dare wel sain,
 He may by no way clepe his word again.
 Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth;
 Though him repent, or be him never so loth, 17308
 He is his thral to whom that he hath sayd
 A tale of which he is now evil apaid.
 My sone, beware, and be non auctour newe
 Of tidings whether they ben false or trewe:
 Wher so thou come, amonges high or lowe, 17310
 Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

By that the Manciple had his Tale ended
 The sonne fro the fourth line was descended
 So lowe, that it ne was not to my sight
 Degrees nine-and-twenty as of hight. 17315
 Foure of the klok it was tho, as I gesse,
 For enleven foot, a litel more or lesse,
 My shadow was at thilke time as there,
 Of swiche feet as my lengthe parted were

*. 17308. *be non auctour newe*] This seems to be from *Care*
 l. l. dist. 12.;

Rumores fuge, ne incipias novus auctor haberi.

It looks as if Chaucer read

Rumoris fuge ne incipias novus auctor haberi.

*. 17316. *Foure of the klok*] See the *Discourse*, U^c. § 47.

In six feet equal of proportion; 17320
 Therwith the mones exaltation,
 In mene Libra, alway gan ascende
 As we were entring at the thorpes ende;
 For which our Hoste, as he was wont to gie
 As in this cas our jolly compaignie, 17325
 Said in this wise; Lordings everich on,
 Now lacketh us no Tales mo than on:
 Fulfilled is my sentence and my decree;
 I trowe that we han herd of eche degree:

¶ 17321. *Therwith the mones exaltation--- In mene Libra, alway gan ascende*] This is a very obscure passage. Some of the mss. read—*I mene Libra*. According to the reading which I have followed *exaltation* is not to be considered as a technical term, but as signifying simply rising, and the sense will be, that the moon's rising, in the middle of *Libra*, was continually ascending, &c.---If *exaltation* be taken in its technical meaning, as explained in the note on ver. 6284, it will be impossible to make any sense of either of the readings, for the *exaltation* of the moon was not in *Libra*, but in *Taurus*, *Kalendrier des Bergiers*, sign. I. ult. Mr. Speght, I suppose, being aware of this, altered *Libra* into *Taurus*; but he did not consider that the sun, which has just been said to be descending, was at that time in *Taurus*, and that consequently *Taurus* must also have been descending.—*Libra*, therefore, should by no means be parted with: Being in that part of the zodiack which is nearly opposite to *Taurus*, (the place of the sun) it is very properly represented as ascending above the horizon toward the time of the sun's setting. If any alteration were to be admitted I should be for reading—

Therwith *Saturnes* exaltation,
 I mene *Libra*, alway gan ascende.——

The *exaltation* of *Saturn* was in *Libra*, *Kalendrier des Bergiers*, sign. K i.

Volume V.

K

Almost fulfilled is myn ordinance; 17336
 I pray to God so yeve him right good chance
 That telleth us this Tale lustily.

Sire Preeft, quod he, art thou a vicary,
 Or art thou a person? say soth by thy fay.
 Be what thou be ne breke thou not our play, 17335
 For every man save thou hath told his Tale.
 Unbokel, and shew us what is in thy male;
 For trewely me thinketh by thy chere
 Thou shuldest knitte up wel a gret matere.
 Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones. 17340

This Person him answered al at ones;
 Thou getest fable non ytold for me,
 For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,
 Repreveth hem that weiven sothfastnesse,
 And tellen fables and swiche wretchednesse. 17345
 Why shuld I sowen draf out of my fist
 Whan I may sowen whete if that me list?
 For which I say, if that you list to here
 Moralitee and vertuous matere,
 And than that ye wol yeve me audience, 17350
 I wold ful fain at Cristes reverence
 Don you plesance lesul, as I can;
 But trusteth wel I am a sotherne man;
 I cannot geste, rom, ram, rus, by my letter,

¶ 17354. *I cannot geste, rom, ram, rus*] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of describing alliterative poetry; and the Person's prefatory declaration that "he is a sotherne man," would lead one to imagine that compositions in that style were at this time chiefly confined to the northern provinces. It was observed long ago by *William of Malmesbury*, l. iii. *Pontif. Angl.* that the language of the north of England was so harsh and un-

And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better: 17355
 And therfore if you list, I wol not glase,

polished as to be scarce intelligible to a southern man. "Quod
 "propter vinciniam barbararum gentium; et propter remotio-
 "nem regum quondam Anglorum modo Normanorum con-
 "tigit, qui magis ad Austrum quam ad Aquilonem diversati
 "noscuntur." From the same causes we may presume that it
 was often long before the improvements in the poetical art
 which from time to time were made in the south could find
 their way into the north, so that there the hobbling alliterative
 verse might still be in the highest request even after Chaucer
 had established the use of the heroick metre in this part of the
 island. Dr. Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheshire
 man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked
 "that all such poets as used this kind of metre retained along
 "with it many peculiar Saxon idioms." *Essay on Metre of P. P.*
 This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally in-
 habitants of the northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom
 underwent much fewer and slower alterations than it did in
 the neighbourhood of the capital.----*To gesse* here is to relate
 jests. In ver. 13861 he has called it *to telle in gesse*. Both pas-
 sages seem to imply that *gesse* were chiefly written in allitera-
 tive verse, but the latter passage more strongly than this. Af-
 ter the Host has told Chaucer that he shall no longer *rime* he
 goes on—

Let see wher thou canst tellen ought *in gesse*,
 Or tellen *in prose* som what at the leste.—

Gesse there seems to be put for a species of composition which
 was neither rhyme nor prose, and what that could be except
 alliterative metre I cannot guess. At the same time I must own
 that I know no other passage which authorizes the interpreta-
 tion of *gesse* in this confined sense. In the *H. of F.* ii. 114, Chau-
 cer speaks of himself as making—

—bokes, songes, ditees,
 In *rime*, or elles in *cadence*—

where *cadence*, I think, must mean a species of poetical com-
 position distinct from rhyming verses. The name might be pro-

I wol you tell a litel Tale in prose
 To knitte up all this feste and make an ende;
 And Jesu for his grace wit me sende
 To shewen you the way in this viage 17360
 Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage
 That hight Jerusalem celestial:
 And if ye vouchesauf anon I shal
 Beginne upon my Tale, for which I pray
 Tell your avis: I can no better say. 17365

But natheles this meditation
 I put it ay under correction
 Of clerkes, for I am not textuel:
 I take but the sentence, trusteth me wel:
 Therefore I make a protestation 17370
 That I wol standen to correction.

Upon this word we han assented sone;
 For as us semed it was for to don,
 To enden in som vertuous sentence,
 And for to yeve him space and audience, 17375
 And bade our Hoste he shulde to him say
 That alle we to tell his Tale him pray.

Our Hoste had the wordes for us alle:
 Sire Preeft, quod he, now faire you befall;

perly enough applied to the metre used in the *Ormulum*, [See the *Essay*, §c. n. 52.] but no work of Chaucer in any such metre, without rhyme, has come within my observation.

¶ 17378. *bad the wordes*] This is a French phrase: It is applied to the Speaker of the Commons in *Rot. Parl.* 51, E. III. n. 87.; "Mons. Thomas de Hungerford, Chivaler, qⁱ avoit
 "les paroles pures Communes d'Angleterre en cest Parle-
 "ment," &c.

Say what you list, and we shul gladly here. 17380
 And with that word he said in this manere;
 Telleth, quod he, your meditatioun,
 But hasteleth you, the sonne wol adoun:
 Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,
 And to do wel God sende you his grace. 17385

THE PERSONES TALE.

OUR swete Lord God of heven, that no man wol per-
 rish, but wol that we comen all to the knowleching of
 him, and to the blisful lif that is pardurable, amone-
 steth us by the prophet Jeremie, that sayth in this wise,
 Stondeth upon the wayes, and seeth and axeth of the
 olde pathes, that is to say, of olde sentences, which is
 the good way, and walketh in that way, and ye shul
 finde refreshing for your soules. Many ben the wayes
 spirituel that leden folk to our Lord Jesu Crist and to
 the regne of glory, of which wayes ther is a ful noble
 way, and wel covenable, which may not faille to man
 ne to woman that thurgh sinne hath misgon fro the
 right way of Jerusalem celestial, and this way is cle-
 ped Penance, of which man shuld gladly herken and
 enqueren with all his herte, to wete what is penance,
 and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many ma-
 neres ben of actions or werkings of penance, and how

The Persones Tale] Jerem. vi. ; "State super vias, et videte,
 "et interrogate de semitis antiquis, quæ sit via bona, et ambu-
 "late in eâ: et inveniatis refrigerium animabus vestris." Urry.

many spices ther ben of penance, and which thinges apperteinen and behoven to penance, and which thinges distroublen penance.

Seint Ambrose sayth that penance is the plaining of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine: and som doctour sayth, Penance is the waymenting of man that forweth for his sinne, and peineth himself for he hath misdoun. Penance with certain circumstances is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in forwe and other peine for his giltes; and for he shal be veray penitent he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purposen in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfaction, and never to don thing for which him ought more to bewaile or complaine, and to continue in good werkes, or elles his repentance may not availe: for, as Seint Isidor sayth, He is a japer and a gabber, and not very repentant, that estfones doth thing for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to stint to do sinne, may not availe. But natheles men shuld hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thurgh penance, if he have grace; but certain it is gret doute; for, as saith Seint Gregorie, Unnethes ariseth he out of sinne that is charged with the charge of evil usage: and therfore repentant folk, that stint for to sinne, and forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem*, holy chirche

* *forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem*] The same thought

holdeth hem siker of hir salvation: and he that sinneth and veraily repenteth him in his last day holy chirche yet hopeth his salvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance: but take ye the siker and certain way.

And now sith I have declared you what thing is penance, now ye shul understond that ther ben three actions of penance. The first is, that a man be baptised after that he hath sinned. Seint Augustine sayth, But he be penitent for his old sinful lif he may not beginne the newe clene lif; for certes if he be baptised without penitence of his old gilt he receiveth the marke of baptisme, but not the grace ne the remission of his sinnes til he have very repentance. Another defeaute is, that men don dedly sinne after that they have received baptisme. The thridde defeaute is, that men fall in venial sinnes after hir baptisme fro day to day: therof sayth Seint Augustin that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The spices of penance ben three. That on of hem is solempne, another is commune, and the thridde priuee. Thilke penance that is solempne is in two maneres, as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton, for slaughter of children, and swiche maner thing: another is whan a man hath sinned openly, of which sinne the fame is openly spoken in the contree, and occurs, by way of precept, at the end of The Doctour's Tale.
ver. 12220.;

Forfaketh sinne or sinne you forsake.

than holy chirche by jugement distreyneth him for to do open penance: commun penance is that preeftes enjoinen men in certain cas, as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage or bare foot: privee penance is thilke that men don all day for privee sinnes, of which we shrive us prively, and receive privee penance.

Now shalt thou understond what is behoveful and necessary to every parfit penance; and this stont on three thinges, contrition of herte, confession of mouth, and satisfaction; for which sayth Seint John Chrysostome, Penance distreineth a man to accept benignely every peine that him is enjoined with contrition of herte, and shrift of mouth, with satisfaction, and working of all maner humilitee. And this is fruitful penance ayenst tho three thinges in which we wrathen our Lord Jesu Crist; this is to say, by delit in thinking, by rechelesnesse in speking, and by wicked sinful working: and ayenst thise wicked giltes is penance, that may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hideth him in the herte of him that is veray repentant, right as the rote of the tree hideth him in the erthe. Of this rote of contrition springeth a stalke that bereth branches and leves of confession, and fruit of satisfaction; of which Crist sayth in his Gospell, Doth ye digne fruit of penitence, for by this fruit mow men understonde and knowe this tree, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of man, ne by the branches, ne the leves of

confession: and therefore our Lord Jesu Crist saith thus, By the fruit of hem shal ye knowe hem. Of this rote also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is moder of liker nesse, and this seed is eger and hote. The grace of this seed springeth of God thurgh remembrance on the day of dome and on the peines of helle. Of this matere saith Salomon, that in the drede of God man forletteth his sinne. The hete of this fede is the love of God, and the desiring of the joye perdurable. This hete draweth the herte of man to God, and doth him hate his sinne; for sothly ther is nothing that favour-eth so sote to a child as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke whan it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinful man that loveth his sinne him semeth that it is to him most swete of any thing, but fro that time that he loveth sadly our Lord Jesu Crist, and desireth the lif perdurable, ther is to him nothing more abhominable; for sothly the lawe of God is the love of God: for which David the prophet sayth, I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: he that loveth God kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saw the prophet Daniel in spirit upon the vision of Nabuchodonosor, whan he counseiled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif to hem that it receiven; and he that holdeth him in veray penance is blisful, after the sentence of Salomon.

In this penance or contrition man shal understond

four things, that is to say, what is contrition, and which ben the causes that mooven a man to contrition, and how he shuld be contrite, and what contrition availeth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contrition is the veray sorwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his sinnes, with sad purpos to shriven him, and to do penance, and never more to don sinne. And this sorwe shal be in this maner, as sayth Seint Bernard; it shal ben hevy and grevous, and ful sharpe and poinant in herte; first for a man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour, and more sharpe and poinant for he hath agilted his father celestial, and yet more sharpe and poinant for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him; that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The causes that ought to meve a man to contrition ben fixe. First, a man shal remembre him of his sinnes; but loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit by no way, but grete shame and sorwe for his sinnes; for Job sayth, Sinful men don werkes worthy of confession; and therfore sayth Ezechiel, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte: and God sayth in the Apocalipse, Remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye sinned ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne of God; but for your sinne ye ben waxen thral, and foule membres of the fende, hate of angels, sclaun-

der of holy chirche, and sode of the false serpent, perpetuel matere of the fire of helle, and yet more foule and abhominable for ye trespassen so oft times as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his own spewing, and yet fouler for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your sinnes as a beest in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have shame of his sinne and no delit, as God sayth by the prophet Ezechiel, Ye shul remembre you of your wayes, and they shul displese you. Sothly sinnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The second cause that ought to make a man to have disdeigne of sinne is this, that, as saith Seint Peter, Who so doth sinne is thral to sinne, and sinne putteth a man in gret thraldom; and therefore sayth the prophet Ezechiel, I went sorweful, and had disdeigne of myself. Certes wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, and withdraw him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what sayth Seneke in this mater? He saith thus, Though I wist that neither God ne man shuld never know it, yet wold I have disdeigne for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also sayth, I am borne to greter thinges than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man ne woman make of his body than for to yeve his body to sinne: al were it the foulest chorle or the foulest woman that liveth, and lest of value, yet is he than more foule and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher de-

gree that man falleth the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God! wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, sith that thurgh sinne ther he was free he is made bond: and therfore sayth Seint Augustine, If thou hast disdeigne of thy servant, if he offend or sinne, have thou than disdeigne that thou thy self shuldest do sinne. Take reward of thin owen value that thou ne be to foule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdeigne to be servants and thralles to sinne, and sore to be ashamed of himself, that God of his endles goodnesse hath sette in high estat, or yeve hem witte, strenght of body, hele, beautee, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that they so unkindly agains his gentilleffe quiten him so villainly, to slaughter of hir owen soules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beautee remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman that is a fool of hire body to a ring of gold that is worne in the groine of a sowe, for right as a sowe wroteth in every ordure, so wroteth she hire beautee in stinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause that ought to meve a man to contrition is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible peines of helle; for, as Seint Jerome sayth, At every time that me remembreth of the day of dome I quake; for whan I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres, Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O

good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a judgement, ther as we shul be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist, wheras he shal make a general congregation wheras no man may be absent, for certes ther availeth non essoine ne non excusation; and not only that our defautes shul be juged, but eke that all our werkes shal openly be knowen. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, Ther ne shal no pleting availe ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word: ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived ne corrupt: and why? for certes all our thoughtes ben discovered as to him: ne for prayer ne for mede he wil not be corrupt; and therfore faith Salomon, The wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight for prayer ne for yest; and therfore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape; wherfore, as sayth Seint Anselme, Ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroy him that wolde not beknown his sinnes, which sinnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature; and on the left side mo divels than any herte may thinke for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle; and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the world all brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and

shewe him; for certes, as faith Seint Jerome, the erth
shal cast him out of it, and the see, and also the aire,
that shal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now
sothly who so wil remembre him of these thinges I
gesse that his finnes shal not torne him to delit, but to
grete sorwe for drede of the peine of helle; and ther-
fore faith Job to God, Suffer, Lord, that I may a while
bewaile and bewepe or I go without retorning to the
derke londe ycovered with the derkenesse of deth to
the londe of misere and of derkenesse, wheras is the
shadowe of deth, wheras is non ordre ne ordinance,
but grisly drede, that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye
see that Job prayed respite a while to bewepe and waile
his trespas, for sothely on day of respite is better than
all the trefour of this world: and for as moche as a
man may acquite himself before God by penitence in
this world, and not by trefour, therefore shuld he pray
to God to yeve him respite a while to bewepen and
bewailen his trespas, for certes all the sorwe that a man
might make fro the beginning of the world n'is but
a litel thing at regard of the sorwe of helle. The cause
why that Job clepeth helle the londe of derkenesse,
understondest that he clepeth it londe or erth for it is
stable and never shal faile, and derke, for he that is in
helle hath defaute of light naturel; for certes the derke
light that shal come out of the fire that ever shal brenne
shall torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it
sheweth hem the horrible divels that hem turmenten

covered with the derkenesse of deth; that is to say, that he that is in helle shal have defaute of the sight of God, for certes the sight of God is the lif perdurable. The derkenesse of deth ben the sinnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distrouhlen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sonne: it is londe of misese, because that ther ben three maner of defautes ayenst three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif, that is to say, honoures, delites, and riches. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confusion, for wel ye wote that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man, but in helle is non honour ne reverence, for certes no more reverence shal be don therto a king than to a knave; for which God sayth by the prophet Jeremie, The folk that me despisen shal be in despite. Honour is also cleped gret lordeship: ther shal no wight seruen other but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle fortroden of divels: as God sayth, The horrible divels shal gon and comen upon the hedes of dampned folk; and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the riches of this world shul they have misese of poverté, and this poverté shal be in foure thinges, in defaute of tresour, of which David sayth, The riche folk, that embraceden and oneden all hir herte to tresour of

this world, shul slepe in the sleeping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir trefour. And moreover, the misese of helle shal be in defaute of mete and drink; for God sayth thus by Moyse, They shul be wasted with hunger, and the briddes of helle shul deuoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they be in soule of all maner vertues which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the softe shertes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the prophet Esaie? that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over, hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend, for neither God ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the daughters shal rebelayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden and despisen eche other both day and night; as God sayth by the prophet Micheas; and the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might: for how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this

fit? for truste wel hir fleshly love was dedly hate; as saith the prophet David, Who so that loveth wickednesse he hateth his owen soule, and who so hateth his owen soule certes he may love non other wight in no manere; and therefore in helle is no solace ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle the more cursing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate, ther is among hem. And further over, ther they shul have defeaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes, as sight, hering, smelling, favouring, and touching. But in helle hir sight shal be ful of derkenesse and of smoke, and hir eyen ful of teres, and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as sayth Jesu Crist, Hir nosethirles shal be ful of stinking; and, as sayth Esay the prophet, Hir favouring shal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body shal be covered with fire that never shal quenche, and with wormes that never shal die, as God sayth by the mouth of Esay. And for as moche as they shul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they understonde in the word of Job, that sayth, Ther is the shadow of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likeness of the thing of which it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of which it is shadowed: right so fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth for the horrible anguish: and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they shuld die anon; but certes they shul not

dien; for, as sayth Seint Gregory, To wretched car-
tifes shal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten
ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth shal
alway live, and hir ende shal ever more beginne, and
hir defaute shal never faile: and therfore sayth Seint
John the Evangelist, They shul folow Deth and they
shul not finde him, and they shul desire to die and
Deth shal flee from hem. And eke Job saith, that in helle
is non ordre of rule. And al be it so that God hath
create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten
ordre, but all thinges ben ordred and nombred, yet
natheles they that ben dampned ben nothing in ordre,
ne hold non ordre; for the erth shal bere hem no fruite;
(for, as the prophet David sayeth, God shal destroy
the fruite of the erth as fro hem) ne water shal yeve
hem no moisture, ne the aire no refreshing, ne the fire
no light: for, as sayth Seint Basil, The brenning of
the fire of this world shal God yeve in helle to hem
that ben dampned, but the light and the clerenesse shal
be yeve in heven to his children, right as the good
man yeveth flesh to his children and bones to his
houndes. And for they shul have non hope to escape,
sayth Job at last, that ther shal horroure and grisly drede
dwellen withouten ende. Horroure is alway drede of
harne that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwell
in the hertes of hem that ben dampned; and therfore
han they lorne all hir hope for seven causes: first, for
God, that is hir juge, shal be withouten mercie to hem,

and they may not plesse him ne non of his halwes, ne they may yeve nothing for hir raunsom, ne they have no vois to speke to him, ne they may not flee fro peine, ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deliver hem fro peine; and therfore sayth Salomon, The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel understonde these peines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his sinnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe than for to singe and playe; for, as sayth Salomon, Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben established and ordeined for sinne he wold forsake sinne: That science, sayth Scint Austin, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point that oughte make a man have contrition is the sorweful remembrance of the good dedes that he hath lefte to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath lefte, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne ben all mortified, astoned, and dulled, by the eft sinning; the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne they ben utterly ded as to the lif perdurable in heven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was

in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence: and therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel, If the rightful man retorne again fro his right-wisnesse and do wickednesse shal he liven? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus, that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought befor, for certes in the working of dedly sinne ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don befor; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and availe to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition; but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken; for certes thing that never had lif may never quicken; and natheles al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal riches, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to usen a man to do good werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lord Jesu Crist ne woll that no good werk that men

don be losse, for in somewhat it shal availe. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif ben all amortised by sinne solowing, and eke sith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man that no good werk ne doth sing thilke newe Frenshe song, *J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*; for certes sinne bereveth a man both goodnesse of nature and eke the goodnesse of grace; for sothly the grace of the Holy Gost fareth like fire that may not ben idle, for fire faileth anon as it forletteth his working, and right so grace faileth anon as it forletteth his working. Than leseth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be sory than that oweth all his lif to God as long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shal live, that no goodnesse ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif; for trust wel he shal yeve accomptes, as sayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this present lif, and how he hath hem dispended, in so moche that ther shal not perishe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal not perishe of his time that he ne shal yeve therof a rekening.

The fiftre thing that ought to meve a man to contrition is remembrance of the passion that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered for our sinnes; for, as sayth Seint

Bernard, While that I live I shal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered in preching, his werinesse in traveling, his temptations whan he fasted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitee of goode peple, the wo, and the shame, and the filthe, that men sayden to him, of the foule spitting that met spitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him, of the foule mouthes and of the foule repreves that men saiden to him, of the nayles with which he was nailed to the crosse, and of all the remenant of his passion that he suffred for mannes sinne, and nothing for his gylte. And here ye shul understand that in mannes sinne is every maner order or ordinance tourned up so down; for it is soth that God and reson, and sensualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained that everich of thise foure thinges shuld have lordship over that other, as thus; God shuld have lordship over reson, and reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth all this ordre or ordinance is turned up so down; and therefore than, for as moche as reson of man ne wol not be subget ne obeisant to God, that is his Lord, by right therefore leseth it the lordship that it shuld have over sensualitee, and eke over the body of man: and why? for sensualitee rebelleth than ayenst reson, and by that way leseth reson the lordship over sensualitee and over the body; for right as reson is rebel to God, right so is sensualitee rebel to reson and

the body also. And certes this difordinance and this rebellion our Lord Jesu Crist abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wise; for as moche as reson is rebel to God, therfore is man worthy to have sorwe, and to be ded; this suffred our Lord Jesu Crist for man after that he had be betraied of his disciple, and distreined and bounde, so that his blood braist out at every nail of his hondes, as faith Seint Augustin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reson of man wol not daunt sensualitee whan it may; therfore is man worthy to have shame; and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist for man whan they spitten in his visage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reson and to sensualitee, therfore it is worthy the deth; and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist upon the crosse, wheras ther was no part of his body free without grete peine and bitter passion; and all this suffred our Lord Jesu Crist that never forfaited: and thus sayd he; To mochel am I peined for thinges that I never deserved, and to moche defouled for shendship that man is worthy to have: and therfore may the sinful man wel say, as sayth Seint Bernard, Accursed be the bitternesse of my sinne, for whiche ther must be suffered so moche bitternesse: for certes after the divers discordance of our wickednesse was the passion of Jesu Crist ordeined in divers thinges, as thus; certes sinful mannes soule is betraied of the diuel by coveitise of temporel prosperitee,

and scorned by disceite whan he cheseth fleshly delites, and yet it is turmented by impatience of aduersitee, and bespet by servage and subjection of sinne, and at the last it is slain finally. For this discordance of sinful man was Jesu Crist first betraied, and after that was he bounde that came for to unbinde us of sinne and of peine; than was he bescorned that only shuld have ben honoured in alle thinges and of alle thinges; than was his visage, that ought to be desired to be seen of all mankind (in which visage angels desiren to loke) villainly bespet; than was he scourged that nothing had trespassed; and, finally, than was he crucified and slain: than were accomplished the wordes of Esaie, He was wounded for our misdedites, and defouled for our felonies. Now sith that Jesu Crist toke on himself the peine of all our wickednesses, moche ought sinful man to wepe and to bewaile that for his sinnes Goddes sone of heven shuld all this peine endure.

The sixte thing that shuld move a man to contrition is the hope of three thinges, that is to say, foryevenesse of sinne, and the yest of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, withwhiche God shal guerdon man for his good dedes: and for as moche as Jesu Crist yeveth us thise yestes of his largeness and of his soveraine bountee, therefore is he cleped *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum*. Jesus is for to say Saviour or Salvation, on whom men shul hopen to have foryevenesse of sinnes,

which that is properly falvation of finnes; and therefore sayd the angel to Ioseph, Thou shalt clepe his name Iesus that shal faven his peple of hir finnes. And hereof saith Seint Peter, Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be saved but only Iesus. Nazarene is as moche for to say as Flourishing, in which a man shal hope that he that yeveth him remission of finnes shal yeve him also grace wel for to do; for in the flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryevenesse of finnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of thin herte, sayth Iesus, and cleped for to enter; he that openeth to me shal have foryevenesse of his finnes, and I wol enter into him by my grace, and soupe with him by the good werkes that he shal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he shal soupe with me by the gret joye that I shal yeve him. Thus shal man hope that for his werkes of penance God shal yeve him his regne, as he behight him in the Gospel.

Now shal man understande in which maner shal be his contrition. I say that it shal be universal and total; this is to say, a man shal be veray repentant for all his finnes that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite is perilous: for ther ben two maner of consenting; that on of hem is cleped Consenting of Affection, whan a man is meved to do sinne, and than deliteth him longe for to thinke on that sinne, and his reson apperceiveth it wel that it is sinne ayenst the

lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his foule delite or talent though he see wel apertly that it is ayenst the reverence of God; although his reson consent not to do that sinne indede, yet sayn som doctours that swiche delite that dwelleth longe is ful perilous, al be it never so lite: and also a man shuld sorow, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the lawe of God, with parfite consenting of his reson, for therof is no doute that it is dedly sinne in consenting; for certes ther is no dedly sinne but that it is first in mannes thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting and into dede; wherfore I say that many men ne repent hem never of swiche thoughtes and delites, ne never shriven hem of it, but only of the dede of gret finnes outward; wherfore I say that swiche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shul be dampned. Moreover, man ought to sorwen for his wicked wordes as wel as for his wicked dedes, for certes repentance of a singuler sinne, and not repentant of all his other finnes, or elles repenting him of all his other finnes and not of a singuler sinne, may not availe; for certes God Almighty is all good, and therefore either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought; and therefore sayth Seint Augustin, I wote certainly that God is enemy to every sinner: and how than? he that observeth on sinne shal he have foryevenesse of the remenant of his other finnes? nay. And furthermore, contrition shuld be wonder sorweful and anguishous,

and therfore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therfore whan my soule was anguifhous, and sorweful within me, than had I remembrance of God that my praier might come to him. Furthermore, contrition muste be continuel, and that man have stedfast purpose to shrive him and to amend him of his lif; for sothly while contrition lasteth man may ever hope to have foryevenesse: and of this cometh hate of sinne, that destroyeth sinne bothe in himself and eke in other folk at his power; for which sayth David, They that love God hate wickednesse; for to love God is for to love that he loveth and hate that he hateth.

The last thing that men shull understand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I say that contrition somtime delivereth man fro sinne; of which David saith, I say, (quod David) I purposed fermely to shrive me, and thou Lord relestedest my sinne. And right so as contrition availeth not without sad purpos of shrift and satisfaction, right so litel worth is shrift or satisfaction withouten contrition. And moreover, contrition destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the devils, and restoreth the yestes of the Holy Gost and of all good vertues, and it clenfeth the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compaignie of the devil, and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth it to all goodes spirituel, and to the compaignie and communion of holy chirche. And furthermore, it ma-

keth him that whilom was sone of ire to be the sone of grace: and all these thinges ben preved by holy writ; and therfore he that wold set his entent to thise thinges he were ful wise; for sothly he ne shuld have than in all his lif corage to sinne, but yeve his herte and body to the service of Jesu Crist, and therof do him homage; for certes our Lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so benignely in our folies, that if he ne had pitee on mannes soule a sory song might we alle singe.

Explicit prima pars penitentiae, et incipit pars secunda.

The second part of penitence is confession, and that is signe of contrition. Now shul ye understonde what is confession; and whether it ought nedes to be don or non, and which thinges ben covenable to veray confession.

First shalt thou understande that confession is veray shewing of sinnes to the preest; this is to saie veray, for he must confesse him of all the conditions that belongen to his sinne as ferforth as he can: all must be sayd, and nothing excused, ne hid, ne forwrapped, and not avaunt him of his good werkes: also it is necessarie to understande whennes that sinnes springen, and how they encrefen, and which they ben.

Of springing of sinnes saith Seint Poule in this wise; that right as by on man sinne entred first into this world, and thurgh sinne deth, right so deth entreth into alle men that sinnen; and this man was Adam, by

whom sinne entred into this world whan he brake the commandement of God: and therefore he that first was so mighty that he ne shuld have died, became swiche on that he must nedes die whether he wold or no; and all his progenie in this world that in thilke maner sinnen dien. Loke that in the estate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve weren naked in Paradise, and no thing ne hadden shame of hir nakednesse, how that the serpent, that was most wily of all other bestes that God had made, sayd to the woman, Why commanded God you that ye shuld not ete of every tree in Paradise? The woman answered, Of the fruit, sayd she, of the trees of Paradise we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of Paradise God forbode us for to eten, ne to touche it, lest we shuld die. The serpent sayd to the woman, Nay, nay, ye shul not dien of deth; for soth God wote that what day that ye ete therof your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman saw that the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the sight; she toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yave to hire husbond, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked they sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches to hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen that dedly sinne hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the adder, and afterward the delit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve, and after

that the consenting of reſon, as ſheweth by Adam: for truſt wel though ſo it were that the ſende tempted Eve, that is to ſay, the fleſh, and the fleſh had delit in the beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that reſon, that is to ſay Adam, conſented to the eting of the fruit, yet ſtode he in the ſtate of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke ſinne original; from him fleſhly diſcended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater; and whan the ſoule is put in our bodies right anon is contract original ſinne, and that that was erſt but only peine of concupiſcence is afterward both peine and ſinne; and therefore we ben all yborne ſones of wrath and of dampnation perdurable, if ne were baptiſme that we receive, which benimeth us the culpe: but forſoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight Concupiſcence. This concupiſcence, whan it is wrongfully diſpoſed or ordeined in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitiſe of fleſh, fleſhly ſinne by ſight of his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and alſo coveitiſe of highneſſe by pride of herte.

Now, as to ſpeke of the firſt coveitiſe, that is, concupiſcence, after the lawe of our membres that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful judgement of God, I ſay, for as moche as a man is not obeiſant to God that is his Lord, therefore is his herte to him diſobeiſant thurgh concupiſcence, which is called nourifhing of ſinne, and occaſion of ſinne; therefore all the while

that a man hath within him the peine of concupifcence it is impoffible but he be tempted fomtime, and moved in his flefh to finne. And this thing may not faile as long as he liveth; it may wel waxe feble by vertue of baptifme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence, but fully ne fhall it never quenche, that he ne fhall fomtime be moved in himfelfe but if he were re- freined by fikenefle, or malefice of forcerie, or cold drinckes. For lo, what fayth Seint Poule? The flefh coveiteth ayenft the fpirit, and the fpirit ayenft the flefh; they ben fo contrarie and fo ftriven that a man may not alway do as he wold. The fame Seint Poule, after his gret penance in water and in lond; in water by night and by day in gret peril and in gret peine, in lond in grete famine and thurft, cold and clothles, and ones ftoned almoft to deth, yet fayd he, Alas! I caitif man, who fhall deliver me fro the prifon of my caitif body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in defert, wheras he had no compaignie but of wilde beftes, wheras he had no mete but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erth, wherfore his flefh was black as an Ethiopian for hete, and nie destroyed for cold, yet fayd he that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all his body: wherfore I wot wel fikerly that they be deceived that fay they be not tempted in hir bodies; witneffe Seint James, that faid that every wight is tempted in his owen confcience; that is to fay, that eche of us hath mater

and occasion to be tempted of the norishing of sinne that is in his body; and therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist, If we say that we ben without sinne we deceive ourself, and truth is not in us.

Now shul ye understonde in what maner sinne waxeth and encrefeth in man. The first thing is that nourishing of sinne of which I spake before, that is, concupiscence; and after that cometh suggestion of the diuel, this is to say, the diuels belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence; and after that a man bethinketh him whether he wol do or no that thing to which he is tempted; and than if a man withstond and weive the first entising of his flesh and of the fend than it is no sinne; and if so be he do not, than seleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall anon to consenting of sinne, and than wol he do it if he may have time and place. And of this mater sayth Moyse^{*} by the devil in this maner; The fend sayth, I wol chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I wol hent him by meving and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris or my prey by deliberation, and my lust shal be accomplished in delit; I wol draw my swerd in consenting; (for certes right

^{*} *sayth Moyse*]. I cannot tell where: perhaps there may be some such passage in the rabbinical histories of Moses which the learned Gaulmin published in the last century, [*Par.* 1629, 8vo.] and which among other traditions contain that alluded to by *8. Jude, Ep. ver. 9.*

* in
place

as a swerd departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God fro man) and than wol I sle him with my hond in dede of sinne. Thus sayth the fend, for certes than is a man al ded in soule; and thus is sinne accomplished by temptation, by delit, and by consenting, and than is the sinne actuel.

Forsoth sinne is in two maners; either it is venial or dedly sinne. Sothly whan a man loveth any creature more than Jesu Crist our creatour than it is dedly sinne; and venial sinne it is if a man love Jesu Crist lesse than him ought. Forsoth the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous, for it amenufeth the love that man shuld have to God more and more; and therfore if a man charge himself with many swiche venial finnes, certes but if so be that he somtime discharge him of hem by shrift they may wel lightly amenufe in him all the love that he hath to Jesu Crist. And in this wise skippeth venial sinne into dedly sinne; for certes the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial finnes the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne; and therfore let us not be negligent to discharge us of venial finnes; for the proverbe sayth that many smal maken a gret. And herken this ensample: a gret wawe of the see cometh somtime with so gret a violence that it drencheth the ship; and the same harme do somtime the smal drops of water that enteren thurgh a litel crevis in the thurrok*, and in the botom of the

* *in the thurrok*] The editt. have changed this word in this place into *timber*, though in another place they have left it as

ship, if men ben so negligent that they discharge hem not by tyme; and therfore although ther be difference betwix thise two causes of drenching algates the ship is dreint. Right so fareth it somtime of dedly sinne and of anioous venial sinnes, whan they multiplie in man so gretly that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh which he sinneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more; and therfore the love of every thing that is not beset in God, ne don principally for Goddes sake, although that a man love it lesse than God, yet is it venial sinne; and dedly sinne is whan the love of any thing weigheth in the herte of man as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly sinne, as sayth Seint Auguſtine, is whan a man tourpeth his herte fro God, whiche that is veray souveraine bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte; and certes

here; and Mr. Speght explains it to mean an heap. It is a Saxon word, which the Glossaries render *cymba*, *caupulus*, (originally perhaps *campulus*, as it was sometimes written. *Du Cange*, in v. *Caupulus*.) It seems to have signified any sort of keeled vessel, and from thence what we call *the bald* of a ship. The following explanation of it, from an old book entitled *Oure Ladyes Mirroure*, [*Lond.* 1530, fol. 57, b.] will fully justify Chaucer's use of it in both places, in the first literally, and in the second metaphorically: "Ye shall underſtande that there ys a place
" in the bottome of a ſhyppe wherein ys gathered all the fylthe
" that cometh into the ſhyppe—and it is called in ſome con-
" tre of thys londe a *thorrocke*, other calle yt an *hamron*, and
" ſome calle yt the *bulcke* of the ſhyppe." I know not what to make of *hamron*.

that is every thing save God of heaven: for soth is that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes as moche of his love as he yeveth to the same creature so moche he bereveth fro God, and therefore doth he sinne; for he that is dettour to God ne yeldeth not to God all his dette, that is to sayn, all the love of his herte.

Now sith man understondeth generally which is venial sinne, than is it covenable to tell specially of sinnes whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no sinnes, and shriveth him not of the same, and yet natheles they be sinnes sothly, as thise clerkes writen; this is to say, at every tyme that man eteth and drinketh more than sufficeth to the sustenance of his body in certain he doth sinne; eke whan he speketh more than it nedeth he doth sinne; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the complaint of the poure; eke whan he is in hele of body and wol not fast whan other folk fast without cause resonable; eke whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that encheson to late to chirche, or to other werkes of charitee; eke whan he useth his wif withouten soveraine desire of engendrure; to the honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his wif his dette of his body; eke whan he wol not visite the sike or the prisoner if he may; eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly thing, more than reson requireth; eke if he flater or blandise more than him ought for any necessitee; eke if he amenuse or with-

drawe the almesse of the poure; eke if he appaile his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete it to hastily by likerousnesse; eke if he talke vanitees in the chirche, or at Goddes service, or that he be a taler of idle wordes of folie or vilanie, for he shal yeld accomptes of it at the day of dome; eke whan he be-highteth or assureth to don thinges that he may not perfourme; eke whan that he by lightnesse of foly mislayeth or scorneth his neighbour; eke whan he hath ony wicked suspecion of thing ther he ne wote of it no sothfastnesse. Thise thinges, and mo withouten nombre, be sinnes, as sayth Seint Augustine. Now shul ye understonde that al be it so that non erthly man may eschewe al venial sinnes, yet may he refreine him by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jesu Crist, and by prayer and confession, and other good werkes, so that it shal but litel grieve: for, as sayth Seint Augustine, If a man love God in swiche maner that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that o drope of water which falleth into a fourneis ful of fire anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like maner anoieth or greveth a venial sinne unto that man whiche is stedfast and parfite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Crist. Furthermore, men may also refreine and put away venial sinne by receiving worthily the precious body of Jesu Crist, by receiving eke of holy water, by almes dede, by ge-

neral confession of *confiteor* at masse, and at prime, and at complin, and by blessing of bishoppes and preestes, and by other good werkes.

De Septem Peccatis Mortalibus.

Now it is behoveley to tellen which ben dedly finnes, that is to say, chiefetaines of finnes, for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben they cleped Chiefetaines for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen all other finnes. The rote of thise finnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes, for of this rote springen certain braunches, as ire, envie, accidie or flouth, avarice or coveitise, (to comun understanding) glotonie, and lecherie; and eche of thise chief finnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as shal be declared in hir chapitres solowing.

De Superbia.

And though so be that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I shew a partie of hem as ye shal understond. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, despit, arrogance, impudence, swelling of herte; insolence, elation, impatience, strif, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that disobeyeth for despit to the commandements of God, and to his soveraines, and to his gostly fader; avauntour is he that boasteth of the harme or of the bountee that he hath don; ipocrite is he that

hideth to shew him swiche as he is, and sheweth him to seme swiche as he is not; despitous is he that hath disdain of his neighebour, that is to sayn, of his even Cristen, or hath despit to do that him ought to do; arrogant is he that thinketh that he hath those bountees in him that he hath not, or weneth that he shulde have hem by his deserving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not; impudent is he that for his pride hath no shame of his sinnes; swelling of herte is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don; insolent is he that despiseth in his jugement all other folk as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his speaking, and of his bering; elation is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maister ne felawe; impatient is he that wol not be taught ne undercome of his vice, and by strif werrieth truth weringly, and defendeth his folly; *contumax* is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenst every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his souveraines; presumption is whan a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called surquidrie; irreverence is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be revered; pertinacie is whan man defendeth his foly, and trusteth to moche in his owen wit; vaine glorie is for to have pompe and delit in his temporel highnesse, and glorie him in his worldly estate; jangling is whan man speketh to moche be-

fore folk, and clappeth as a milke, and taketh no kepe what he sayth.

And yet ther is a privee spice of pride that waiteth first to be salewed or he wol salew, all be he lesse worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth to sit or to go above him in the way, or kisse the pax, or ben enclosed, or gon to offring before his neighbour, and swiche semblable thinges, ayenst his deutee peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in swiche a proude desire to be magnified and honoured beforne the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is without; of whiche sothly thise foresayd thinges, and mo than I have sayd, apperteinen to pride that is within the herte of man; and ther be other spices of pride that ben withouten; but natheles that on of thise spices of pride is signe of that other, right as the gay Levefell at the taverne is signe of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges, as in speche and countenance, and outragious array of clothing*; for certes if ther had ben no sinne in clothing Crist wold not so fone have noted and spoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the Gospel; and, as Seint Gregory sayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the derthe of it,

* *outragious array of clobbing*] What follows should be read carefully by any antiquary who may mean to write *Dere ves-tiaria* of the English nation in the 14th century.

and for his softnesse, and for his strangenesse and disguising, and for the superfluitee or for the inordinate scantnesse of it. Alas! may not a man see as in our daies the sinneful costlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluitee, or elles in to disordinate scantnesse.

As to the firste sinne, in superfluitee of clothing, whiche that maketh it so dere, to the harme of the peple, not only the coste of the enbrouding, the disguising, endenting or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending, and semblable wast of cloth in vanitie, but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, some moche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, so moche dagging of sheres, with the superfluitee in length of the foresaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to gret damage of the foresayd poure folk, and that in sondry wise; this is to sayn, the more that cloth is wasted the more must it cost to the poure peple for the scarcenesse: and furthermore, if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and dagged clothing to the poure peple it is not convenient to were for hir estate, ne suffisant to bote hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the distemperance of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disordinat scantnesse of clothing, as

ben thise cutted sloppes or hanselines, that thurgh hir shortenesse cover not the shameful membres of man to wicked entente; alas! som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape of the horrible swollen membres, that semen like to the maladie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttokkes of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a she ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover, the wretched swollen membres that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were flaine: and if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth, than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee membres ben corrupt by the fire of Seint Anthonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttokkes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body, ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudly in despite of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wote that though the visages of som of hem semen ful chaste and debonaire, yet notifiem they in hir array of attire likerousnesse and pride. I say not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is uncomvenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scar-

citee of clothing is reprevable. Also the sinne of ornament or of apparaile is in thinges that apperteine to riding, as in to many delicat hors that ben holden for delit, that ben so faire, fatte, and costlewe; and also in many a vicious knave that is susteined because of hem; in curious harnais, as in saddles, cropers, peitrels, and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold and of silver; for which God sayth by Zacharie the prophet, I wol confounde the riders of swiche hors. These folke taken litel regard of the riding of Goddes sone of heven, and of his harnais, whan he rode upon the asse, and had non other harnais but the poure clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on any other beste. I speke this for the sinne of superfluitee, and not for honestee, whan reson it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is gretly notified in holding of gret meinie, whan they ben of litel profite or of right no profite, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardinesse of high lordeship, or by way of office; for certes swiche lordes sell than hir lordeship to the devil of helle whan they susteine the wickednesse of hir meinie; or elles whan thise folk of low degree, as they that holden hostelries, susteinen theste of hir hostellers, and that is in many maner of deceites; thiike maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes that folowen the caraine: swiche foresayde folk stranglen spirituelli hir lorde-

shipes; for which thus saith David the prophet, Wicked deth mot come unto thiike lordeshipes, and God yave that they mot descend into helle all doun, for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewednesse, and not God of heven: and certes but if they don amendement, right as God yave his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharaο by the service of Joseph, right so God wol yave his malison to swiche lordeshipes as susteine the wickednesse of hir servants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft, for certes riche men be cleped to festes, and poure folk be put away and rebuked; and also in excesse of divers metes and drinkes, and namely swiche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wilde fire, and peinted and castelled with paper, and semblable wast, so that it is abusion to thinke; and eke in to gret preciousnesse of vessell, and curiositee of minstrelcie, by which a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie, if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon oure Lord Jesu Crist, it is a sinne; and certainly the delites might ben so gret in this cas that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly sinne. The spices that sourden of pride, sothly whan they sourden of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or elles of usage, ben dedly sinnes it is no doute; and whan they sourden by freelte unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdraw again, al be they grevous sinnes I gesse that they be not dedly. Now might men aske wherof that pride sourdeth and spring-

eth? I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of nature, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and somtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden only in the goodes of the body or of the soule; certes the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strength, delivernesse, beautee, gentrie, franchise; the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, sharpe understanding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie; goodes of fortune ben riches, high degree of lordshipes, and preisinges of the peple; goodes of grace ben science, power to suffre spirituel travaille, benigntee, vertuous contemplation, withstanding of temptation, and semblable thinges; of which foresayd goodes certes it is a gret folie a man to priden him in ony of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte encheson of likenesse of the soule, for God wote the flesh is a gret enemy to the soule, and therefore the more that the body is hole the more be we in peril to falle; eke for to priden him in his strength of body it is a grete folie, for certes the flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirite, and ever the more strong that the flesh is the sorier may the soule be; and, over all, this strength of body and worldly hardinesse causeth ful oft to many man peril and mischance: also to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie, for oft time the gen-

trie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the soule: and also we ben all of o fader and of o moder, and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, bothe riche and poure. Forsoth o maner gentrie is for to preise, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and morali-tees, and maketh him Cristes child, for trusteth wel that over what man that sinne hath maistrie he is a veray cherl to sinne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilnesse, as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of sinne in word, and in werk and contenance, and using vertue, as courtesie and clenenesse, and to be liberal, that is to say, large by mesure, for thilke that passeth mesure is folie and sinne; another is to remember him of bountee that he of other folk hath received; another is to be benigne to his subgettes; wherfore saith Seneker, Ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high estate than debonairtee and pitee: and therfore thise flies that men clepen Bees, whan they make hir king they chesen on that hath no pricke wherwith he may sting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges: now, certes a man to priden him in the goodes of grace is eke an outrageous folie, for thilke yestes of grace that shuld have tourned him to goodnesse and to medicine tourneth him to venime and confusion, as sayth Seint Gregorie. Certes also, who so prideth him in the goodnesse of Fortune he is a gret fool, for somtime is a man

a gret lord by the morwe that is a caitife and a wretch or it be night : and somtime the richesse of a man is cause of his deth ; and somtime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie thurgh which he dieth. Certes the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel for to trust ; this day they preise, to-morwe they blame. God wote desire to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to may a besy man.

Remedium Superbia.

Now sith that so is that ye have understond what is pride, and which be the spices of it, and how mennes pride souldeth and springeth, now ye shul understond which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitee or mekenesse is the remedy ayenst pride ; that is a vertue thurgh which a man hath veray knowlege of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freelte. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees, as humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is in foure maners ; that on is whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven ; the second is whan he despiseth non other man ; the thridde is whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth ; and the fourth is whan he is not sory of his humiliation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges ; in attemperate speche ; in humilitee of speche, and whan he confesseth with his owen

mouth that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte; another is whan he preifeth the bountee of another man, and nothing therof amenufeth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners: the first is whan he putteth other men before him; the second is to chese the lowest place of all; the thridde is gladly to assent to good conseil; the fourth is to stond gladly to the award of his soveraine, or of him that is higher in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I speke of the foule sinne of envie, which that is, after the word of the philosopher, forwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Seint Augustine it is forwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is platly ayenst the Holy Gost: al be it so that every sinne is ayenst the Holy Gost, yet natheles for as moche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the Holy Gost, and envie cometh proprely of malice, therfore it is proprely ayenst the bountee of the Holy Gost. Now hath malice two spices, that is to say, hardinesse of herte in wickednesse, or elles the flesh of man is so blind that he considereth not that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne, which is the hardinesse of the diuel. That other spice of envie is whan that a man werrieth trowth whan he wot that it is trowth, and also whan he werrieth the grace of God that God hath yeve to his neighbour; and all this is by envie: cer-

tes than is envie the werst sinne that is, for sothly all other sinnes be somtime only ayenst on special vertue, but certes envie is ayenst al maner vertues and alle goodnesse, for it is sory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all other sinnes, for wel unnethe is ther any sinne that it ne hath som delit in himself save only envie, that ever hath in himself anguish and sorwe. The spices of envie ben these; ther is first sorwe of other mennes goodnesse and of hir prosperitee, and prosperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spice of envie is joye of other mennes harme, and that is proprely like to the diuel, that ever rejoyseth him of mannes harme. Of thise two spices cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as thus; som man preifeth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laste ende; alway he maketh a *but* at the last ende, that is digne of more blame than is worth all the preifing: the second spice is, that if a man be good, or doth or sayth a thing to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodnesse up so down to his shrewde entente: the thridde is to amenuse the bountee of his neighbour: the fourthe spice of backbiting is this, that if men speke goodnesse of a man than wol the backbiter say, Parfay swiche a man is yet better than he, in dispreifing of him that men preise: the fift spice is this, for to consent glad-

ly to herken the harme that men speke of other folk: this sinne is ful gret, and ay encreseth after the wicked entent of the backbiter: after backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and somtime it springeth of impatience ayenst God, and somtime ayenst man: ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst the pene of helle, or ayenst poverte, or losse of catel, or ayenst rain or tempest, or elles grutcheth that shrewes have prosperitee, or elles that good men have aduersitee: and all thise thinges shuld men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful iugement and ordinance of God. Somtime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutcheth ayenst the Magdeleine whan she anointed the hed of our Lord Jesu Crist with hire precious oynement: this maner murmuring is swiche as whan man grutcheth of goodnesse that himself doth or that other folk don of hir owen catel. Somtime cometh murmur of pride, as whan Simon the Pharisee grutcheth ayenst the Magdeleine whan she approached to Jesu Crist and wept at his feet for hire sinnes: and somtime it sourdeth of envie, whan men discover a mannes harme that was privee, or bereth him on hond thing that is false. Murmur also is oft among servants, that grutchen whan hir soveraines bidden hem do lesful thinges: and for a moche as they dare not openly withsay the commaundement of hir soveraines, yet wol they say harme, and grutche and murmure prively for veray despight, which wordes they

call the diuels *Pater noster*, though so be that the devil had never *Pater noster*, but that lewed folke yeven it swiche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or prived hate, that nourisheth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal declare. Than cometh eke bitternesse of herte, thurgh which bitternesse every good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unsavory. Than cometh discord, that unbindeth all maner of frendship; than cometh scorning of his neighbour, al do he never so wel: than cometh accusing, as whan a man seeketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us all: than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not algate his wicked will shal not let as for to brenne his hous prively, or enpoisen him, or sle his bestes, and semblable thinges.

Remedium Invidie.

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himself, for sothly that on ne may not be without that other; and trust wel that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother, for certes all we have on fader fleshy and on moder, that is to say, Adam and Eve, and also on fader spirytuel, that is to say, God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to love and will him all goodnesse, and therefore sayth God, Love thy neighbour as thyself, that is to say, to sal-

uation both of lif and foule; and moreover, thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonesting and chastising, and comfort him in his annoyes, and praye for him with all thy herte; and in dede thou shalt love him in swiche wise that thou shalt do to him an charitee as thou woldest that it were don to thine own person, and therefore thou ne shalt do him no damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his castel, ne in his foule, by entising of wicked examples; thou shalt not desire his wis ne non of his thinges. Understondeeketh that in the name of Neighbour is comprehended his enemy; certes man shal love his enemy for the commandement of God, and sothly thy frend thou shalt love in God: I say this enemy shalt thou love for Goddes sake by his commandement; for if it were reson that man shulde hate his enemy forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenst three maner of wronges that his enemy doth to him he shal do three things; as thus; ayenst hate and rancour of herte he shal love him in herte; ayenst chiding and wicked wordes he shal pray for his enemy; ayenst the wicked dede of his enemy he shal do him bountee; for Crist sayth; Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that specke you harme, and for hem that chafen and pursuen you, and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus comandeth us our Lord Jesu Crist to do to our enemies. Forsoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and purfuy

our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have certes to hem shal men do godnesse; and certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies; and in as moche as thilke love is more greuous to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therefore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the diuel; for right as the diuel is confounded by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy: certesthan is love the medicine that casteth out the venime of envie from mannes herte.

De Ira. After envy wol I declare of the sinne of ire, for sothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour anon communly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede ayenst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wroth.

This sinne of ire, after the discribing of Seint Augustin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede; ire, after the philosophre, is the fervent blode of man yquicked in his herte, thurgh which he wold harme to him that he hateth; for certes the herte of man by enchaufing and meving of his blood waxeth so troubled that it is out of all maner judgement of reson. But ye shul understonde that ire is in two maners, that on of hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good

ire is by jalousie of goodnesse, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse, and therefore saith the wise man that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairete, and it is wrothe without bitternesse; not wrothe ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the man; as saith the prophet David, *Ira scilicet, et nolite peccare*. Now understand that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, foden ire or hasty ire, without avisement and consenting of reson; the meaning and the sense of this is, that the reson of a man ne consenteth not to that foden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reson consenteth; and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displeasnt to God that it troubleth his hous, and chafeth the Holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth the likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devil; and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful greet plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchaufeth with the fire of helle; for certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroye erthly thinges than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destroye all spiriuel thinges. Look how that fire of smal gledes, that ben almost ded under ashen, wol quicken ayen whan they ben touched with brimstone; right so ire

wol evermore quicken ayen whan it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte; for certes fire ne may not come out of nothing but if it were first in the samething naturelly, as fire is drawne out of flintes with stele; and right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as sayth Seint Isidore, that whan men make a fire of the faide tree, and cover the coles of it with ashen, forhly the fire therof wol last all a yere or more; and right so fareth it of rancour whan it is once conceived in the herte of som men; certes it wol lasten peraventure from on Easterne day until another Easterne day, or more; but certes the same man is fulfer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foresaid devils forneis ther forgen thre shrewes, Pride, that ay bloweth and encreaseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes; than stondeth Envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man with a pair of longe tonges of longe rancour; and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie, or strif and cheste, and battereth and forgeth by vilains reprevinges. Certes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself and eke his neighbour, for sothly almost all the harme or damage that any man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath, for certes outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the foule fende willeth or comandeth him; for he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jesu Crist ne his swete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that time se leth in his herte

ful wickedly both of Crist and also of all his halwes. Is not this a cursed vice? yes, certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonaire lif spirituel, that shuld kepe his soule: certes it benimmeth also Goddes due lordship (and that is mannes soule) and the love of his neighbours: it striveth also all day ayenst trowth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and subverteth his soule.

Of ire comen thise stinking engendrures; first hate, that is olde wrath; discord, thurgh which a man forsaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long; and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh the manslaughter. And understondeth wel that homicide (that is manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicide is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges. First, by hate, as sayth Seint John, He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by backbiting, of which backbitours sayth Salomon, that they have two swerdes with which they slay hir neighbours; for sothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is also in yeving of wicked conseil by fraude, as for to yeve conseil to areise wrongful customes and talages, of which sayth Salomon, A lion roring, and a bere hungry, ben like to cruel lordes in withholding or abregging of the hire or of the wages of servants, or elles in

asurie, or in with drawing of the almshouse of poure folk;
 for which the wise man sayth, Fedeth him that almost
 dieth for hunger, for sothly but if thou fede him thou
 sleest him: and all thise ben dedly synnes. Bodily man-
 slaughter is whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in
 other maner, as whan thou commandest to sle a man,
 or elles yeuest conseil to sle a man. Manlaughter in
 dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a
 justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth; but
 let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that
 he do it not for delit to spill blood, but for keeping of
 rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for necessitee,
 as whan a man sleeth another in his defence, and that
 he ne may non other wise escapen fro his owen deth;
 but certain and he may escape withouten slaughter of
 his adversarie he doth synne, and he shal bere penance
 as for dedly synne. Also if a man by cas or aventure
 shete an arowe or cast a stone with which he sleeth a
 man he is an homicide. And if a woman by negli-
 gence overlyeth hire child in hire slepe, it is homicide
 and dedly synne. Also whan a man disturbleth con-
 ception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by
 drinkes of venomous herbes thurgh which she may not
 conceive, or sleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles put-
 teth certain material thing in hire secret place to fleo
 hire child, or elles doth unkinde synne, by which man
 or woman shedeth his nature in place ther as a childe
 may not be conceived; or elles if a woman hath con-

ceived and hurteth hireself, and by that mishappe the childe is slaine, yet is it homicide. What say we eke of women that murderén hir children for drede of worldly shame? certes it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by desir of lecherie thurgh which the childe is perished, or elles smiteth a womán wetingly, thurgh which she leseth hire child, all thise ben homicides, and horrible dedly sinnes. Yet comen ther of ire many mo sinnes, as wel in worde as in thought and in dede; as he that arreteth upon God; or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself gilty; or despiseth God and all his halwes, as don thise cursed hasardours in divers contrées. This cursed sinne don they whan they selen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: also whan they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so gret that unneth it may be relefed, but that the mercy of God passeth all his werkes, it is so gret, and he so benigne. Than cometh also of ire attrý anger, whan a man is sharpely amonested in his thrift to leve his sinne; than wol he be angry, and answere hokerly and angerly, to defend or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his flesh; or elles he did it for to hold compaignie with his felawes; or elles he sayeth the fend enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is so corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his destinee, he sayth, unto a certain age; or elles he sayth it cometh him of gentilnesse of his

ancestres, and semblable thinges. All this maner of folke so wrappen hem in hir sinnes that they ne wol not deliver hemself, for sothly no wight that excuseth himself wilfully of his sinne may not be delivered of his sinne til that he mekely beknoweth his sinne. After this than cometh swering, that is expresse ayenst the commandement of God; and that befallēth often of anger and of ire: God sayth; Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel: also our Lord Jesu Crist sayth by the word of Seint Mathew, Ne shal ye not swere in all manere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone, ne by erthe, for it is the bench of his feet, ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a gret king, ne by this hed, for thou ne mayst not make an here white ne black; but he sayth, Be your word ye, ye, nay, nay; and what that is more it is of evil. Thus sayth Crist, for Cristes sake swere not so sinnefully, in dismembbring of Crist, by soule, herte, bones, and body; for certes it semeth that ye thinke that the cursed Jewes dismembred him not ynough, but ye dismembre him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than reuleth you after the lawe of God in your swering, as sayth Jeremie, Thou shalt kepe three conditions; thou shalt swere in trouth, in dome, and in rightwisenesse; this is to say, thou shalt swere soth, for every lesing is ayenst Crist, for Crist is veray trouth: and thinke wel this, that every gret swerer, not compelled lawfully to swere, the plague shal not depart fro his hous

while he useth unlesful swering. Thon shalt swere also in dome, whan thou art constreined by the domesman to witnesse a trowth. Also thou shalt not swere for eny vic, neyther for favour ne for mede, but only for rightwisenesse, and for declaring of trouthe to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thin even Cristen; and therefore every man that taketh Goddes name in idel, or falsely swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristen man, and liveth agenst Cristes living and his teching, all they take Goddes name in idel. Loke also what sayth Seint Peter, *Actuum iv. Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c.*; Ther is non other name (sayth Seint Peter) under heven yeven to men in which they may be saved, that is to say, but the name of Jesu Crist. Take kepe eke how precious is the name of Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Poule *ad Philipenses ii. In nomine Jesu, &c.*; that in the name of Jesu every knee of heavenly creature, or erthly, or of helle, shuld bowen; for it is so high and worshipful that the cursed fend in helle shuld tremble for to here it named. Than semeth it that men that swere so horribly by his blessed name, that they despise it more boldely than did the cursed Jewes, or elles the divel, that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Now certes sith that swering (but if it be lawfully don) is so highly defended, moche worse is for to swere falsely and eke nedeleas.

What say we eke of hem that deliten hem in swe-
ring, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to swere
gret othes? and what of hem that of veray usage ne-
cede not to swere gret othes, al be the cause not worth
a strawe? certesthis is horrible sinne: swering sodenly
without a visement is also a gret sinne. But let us go
now to that horrible swering of adjuration and con-
juration, as don thise false enchauntours and nigro-
mancers in basinsful of water, or in a bright fwerd, in
a cercle, or in a fire, or in a sholder bone of a shepe:
I cannot sayn but that they do cursedly and damnably
ayenst Crist, and all the faith of holy chirche.

What say we of hem that beleven on divinales, as
by flight or by noise of briddes or of bestes, or by sorte
of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or
craking of houles, by gnawing of rattes, and swiche
maner wretchednesse? Certes all thise thinges ben de-
fended by God and holy chirche, for which they ben
accursed, till they come to amendement, that on
swiche filth set hir beleve. Charmes for woundes, or
for maladies of men or of bestes, if they take any ef-
fect it may be peraventure that God suffreth it for
folk shuld yeve the more feith and reverence to his
name.

Now wol I speke of lesinges, which generally is false
signifiante of word, in entent to deceive his even Cri-
sten. Some lesing is of which ther cometh non avan-
tage to no wight; and som lesing turneth to the pro-

site and ese of a man, and to the dammage of another man; another lesing is for to faven his lif or his catel; anot her lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit they wol forge a long tale; and point it with all circumstances, wher all the ground of the tale is false: some lesing cometh for he wol sustein his word; and som lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avilsement, and semblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which ne cometh not gladly, but for drede or for covetise. Flaterie is generally wrongful preising: flaterers ben the devils nourices, that nourish his children with milke of losengerie. Forsoth Salomon sayth that flaterie is werse than detraction, for sometime detraction maketh an hautein man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction; but certes flaterie maketh a man to enhaunce his herte and his contenance. Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen himself be like that he is not like: they be like to Judas that betrayed God; and thise flaterers betrayen man to selle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flaterers ben the devils chappeleines, that ever singen *Placem*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire, for oft time if a man be wroth with another than wol he flater som wight to susteine him in his quarrel.

Speke we now of swiche cursing as cometh of irous herte. Malison generally may be said every maner power of harme: swiche cursing bereyeth man the

regne of God, as sayth Seint Poule; and oft tyme twiche cursing wrongfully retorneth again to him that curseth, as a bird retorneth again to his owen nest: and over all thing men ought eschew to curse hir children, and to yeve to the devil hir engendrure, as fer forth as in hem is; certes it is a grete peril and a grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and repreving, which ben ful grete woundes in mannes herte, for they unfow the seames of frendship in mannes herte; for certes unnethe may a man be plainely accorded with him that he hath openly reviled, reprieved, and disclaundred; this is a full grisly sinne, as Crist sayth in the gospel. And take ye kepe now that he that repreve his neighbour either he repreve him by som harme of peine that he hath upon his bodie, as mesel, croked harlot, or by som sinne that he doth: now if he repreve him by harme of peine than turneth the repreve to Jesu Crist, for peine is sent by the right-wis sonda of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maim, or maladie; and if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne, as thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth, than apperteineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don sinne. And certes chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful oft. And ye shul understond that loke by any way whan ony man chastiseth another that he beware fro chiding or repreving, for

treweely but he beware he may ful lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he shuld quench; and peraventure sleth him that he might chastise with benignitee; for, as sayth Salomon, The amiable tonge is the tree of lif, that is to say, of lif spirituel; and sothly a dissolute tonge sleth the spirit of him that repreveth, and also of him which is reprevd. Lo, what sayth Seint Augustine; Ther is nothing so like the devils child as he which oft chideth; a servant of God behoveth not to chide; and though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes most uncove- nable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never rest; and therfore sayth Salomon, An hous that is unco- vered in rayn and dropping and a chiding wif ben like; a man which is in a dropping hous in many places though he eschew the dropping in o place it droppeth on him in another place; so fareth it by a chiding wif, if she chide him not in o place she wol chide him in another; and therfore better is a morsel of bred with joye than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, sayth Salomon: and Seint Poule sayth, O ye women! beth ye subgettes to your husbandes as you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives,

Afterward speke we of scorning, which is a wicked sinne, and namely whan he scorneth a man for his good werkes, for certes swiche scornors faren like the foule tode, that may not endure to smell the swete fa- vour of the vine whan it flourisheth: these scornors ben
 Pijmoo wof

parting felawes with the devil, for they have joyd whan the devil winneth, and sorwe if he lefeth; they ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth, that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him; but natheless yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself; for, as sayth the wise man, Every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understand that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely in conseiling of mannes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth utterly; and no wonder is, for he died for to make concord; and more shame don they to Crist than did they that him crucified; for God loveth better that frendship be amonges folk than he did his owen body, which that he gave for united; therefore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk and wickedly behind, or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, of elles in game and play, and yet they spoken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying of conseil, thurgh which a

man is defamed: certes unnethe may he restore the damage: now cometh manace, that is an open folie, for he that oft manaceth he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time: now comen idel wordes that be without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes, or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or without entente of naturel profit; and al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yeve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten sinne; and, as sayth Salomon, It is a signe of apert folie; and therfore a philosophre sayd, whan a man axed him how that he shuld plesse the peple, he answered, Do many good werkes, and speke few jangelinges. After this cometh the sinne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an ape; swiche japes defendeth Seint Poole. Loke how that vertuouus wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so comforten the vilains words and the kuakkes of japeres hem that travaillen in the service of the devil. Thise ben the finnes of the tonge, that comen of ire, and other finnes many mo.

Remedium Ire.

The remedie ayenst ire is a vertue that cleped is Mansuetude; that is debonaitee, and eke another vertue that men clepen Patience or Sufferaunce.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreineth the stirrings and mevings of mannes corage in his herte in swich maner that they ne skip not out by anger ne ire; sufferance suffereth swetely all the annoyauce and the wrong that is don to man outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debonairtee, that it doth no harme to no wight ne sayth, ne for no harme that men do ne say he ne chafeth not ayenst reson. This vertue somtyme cometh of nature; for, as sayth the philosophre, A man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and trectable to goodnesse; but whan debonairtee is enformed of grace than it is the more worthy.

Patience is another remedy ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffereth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philosophre sayth that patience is the vertue that suffereth debonairely al the outrage of adversitee and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe, as sayth Crist: this vertue discomfiteth thine enemies; and therefore sayth the wise man, If thou wolt vanquish thine enemye see thou be patient. And thou shalt understand that a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in outward thinges, ayenst the which foure he must have foure maner of patientes.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes; thilke grevance suffred Jesu Crist, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised him and reprieved him ful oft: suffer thou therefore patiently, for the wise

man faith, If thou sirſue with a ſoole, though the ſoole be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou ſhalt have no reſte. That other grevance outward iſt to have damage of thy catel; therayenſt ſuffered Criſt ful patiently whan he was deſpoiled of al that he had in this liſ, and that n'as but his clothes. The thridde grevance iſt a man to have harme in his body; that ſuffered Criſt ful patiently in all his paſſion. The fourthe grevance iſt in outrageous labour in werkes; wherefore I ſay that ſolk that make hir ſervants to travaile to grevously, or out of time, as in holy dayes, ſothly they do gret ſinne; herayenſt ſuffered Criſt ful patiently, and taught us patience, whan he bare upon his bleſſed ſhoulders the croſſe upon which he ſhuld ſuffer deſpitous deſth. Here may men lerne to be patient; for certes not only Criſten men be patient for love of Jeſu Criſt, and for guerdon of the bliſful liſ that iſt perdurable; but certes the old Payenes, that never were criſtened, commendedden and uſeden the vertue of patience.

A philoſophre upon a time that wold have beſen his diſciple for his gret trespas, for which he was gretly meved, and brought a yerde to bete the childe, and whan this child ſawe the yerde he ſayd to his maſter, What thinke ye to do? I wol bete thee, ſayd the maſter, for thy correction. Forſoth, ſayd the childe, ye ought firſt correct yourſelf, that have loſt all your patience for the offence of a child. Forſooth, ſayd the

maister, all weping, thou sayest soth; have thou the yerde, my dere sone! and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Crist. And understand wel that obedience is parsite whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entirely, all that he shuld do. Obedience generally, is to performe hastily the doctrine of God and of his soveraines, to which him ought to be obeisant in all rightwisenesse.

De Accidia.

After the sinne of wrath now wol I speke of the sinne of accidie or slouth; for envie blindeth the herte of a man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitternesse in herte, which bitternesse is mother of accidie, and benimeth him the love of alle goodnesse; than is accidie the anguish of a trouble herte: and Seint Augustine sayth, It is annoye of goodnesse and annoye of harme. Certes this is a damnable sinne, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in as moche as it benimeth the service that men shulde do to Crist with alle diligence, as sayth Salomon; but accidie doth non swiche diligence: he doth all thing with annoye, and with wrawnesse, slacknesse, and excusation, with idelnesse and unlust; for which the book sayth, Accursed be he that doth the service of God negligently. Than is accidie enemy to every estate of man; for certes the

estate of man is in three maners: either it is the estate of innocencie, as was the estate of Adam before that he fell into sinne; in which estate he was holden to work, as in herying and adoring of God. Another estate is the estate of sinful men, in which estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God for amendment of his finnes, and that he wold graunt them to rise out of his finnes. Another estate is the estate of grace, in which estate he is holden to werkes of penitence; and certes to all these thinges is accidle enemie and contrary; for he loveth no besynesse at all. Now certes this foule sinne of accidle is eke a ful gret enemy to the livelode of the body, for it ne hath no pureveaunce ayens temporel necessitee, for it forsleutheth, forsluggeth, and destroyeth all goodes temporel by rechelesnesse.

The fourth thing is that accidle is like hem that ben in the peine of helle because of hir slouth and of hir hevinesse; for they that be damned ben so bound that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidle cometh first that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse; and that maketh that God hath abomination of swiche accidle, as sayth Seint John. Now cometh slouth; that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne no penance; for sochly slouth is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne penance, and therefore he shendeth all that he doth. Ayens this roten sinne of accidle and

flouthe shuld men exercise himself, and use himself to do good werkes, and manly and vertuously cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jesu Crist quireth every good deed, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a gret thing, for it maketh, as sayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have strong armes and hard sinewes, and flouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes: for certes he that enclineth to sinne, him thinketh it is to gret an emprise for to undertake the werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte that the circumstances of goodnesse ben so grevous and so chargeant for to suffre that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as sayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is, despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh somtime of to moche outrageous forwe, and somtime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do so moche sinne that it wolde not availe him though he wolde repent him and forsake sinne, thurgh which despeire or drede he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine; which dampnable sinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the sinne of the Holy Gost. This horrible sinne is so perilous that he that is despeired ther n'is no felonie ne no sinne that he douteth for to do, as shewed wel by Judas. Certes aboven all sinnes than is this sinne most displefant and most adversarie to Crist. Sothly he that despeireth him is like to the coward

champion recreant that flieth withouten nede. Alas! alas! neddes is herecreant and neddes despeired. Certes the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent person, and is above all his werkes. Alas! cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap. xv. ; wheras Crist sayeth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heaven upon a sinful man that doth penitence as upon ninety-and-nine rightfull men that neden no penitence? Loke further in the same gospel the joye and the feste of the good man that had lost his sone, when his sone was retourned with repentance to his fader. Can they not remembre hem also (as sayth Seint Luke, chap. xxiii.) how that the these that was honged beside Jesu Crist sayd, Lord, remembre on me when thou comest in thy regne? Forsoth, said Crist, I say to thee to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradis. Certes ther is non so horrible sinne of man that he may in his lif be destroyed by penitence thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas! what nedeth man than to be despeired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh sompnolence, that is, sluggy slumbring, which maketh a man hevy and dull in body and in soule, and this sinne cometh of slouth; and certes the time that by way of reson man shuld not slepe is by the morwe; but if ther were cause resonable; for sothly in the morwe tide is most covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almesse to

the poore; but that hope fulleneth in old

the pource that comen first in the name of Jesu Crist. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seke me he shal finde me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesnesse, that recketh of nothing; and though that ignorance be mother of all harmes certes negligence is the norice: negligence na doth no force whan he shal do a thing whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two synnes is, as sayth the wise man, that he that dredeth God spareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God he wol do diligence to plesse God by his werkes, and abandon himself with all his might wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles, theras deviles may enter on every side, or shoot at him at discoverte by temptation on every side: this idelnesse is the thurlok of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all jangle, trifles, and all ordure: certes heven is yeven to hem that will labour, and not to idel folk: also David sayth, They ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in Purgatorie: certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle but if they do penance. Than cometh the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered or taryed or he wol tourne to God; and certes that is a gret folie: he is like him that falleth in the dicke and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of false hope, that thinketh that he shal live long; but that hope faileth ful oft.

Thancometh Lachesse, that is he that whan he be-
 ginneth any good werk anon he wol forlete it and
 stint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and
 ne take of him no more kepe anon as they find any
 contrary or any annoy. Thise ben thenewesheperdes
 that let hir shepe weringly go renne to the wolf that
 is in the breres, and do no force of hi owen governance.
 Of this cometh poverte and destruction both of spiri-
 tuel and temporel thinges: thancometh a maner cold-
 nesse that frefeth all the herte of man; than cometh
 undevoition, thurgh which a man is so blont, as sayth
 Seint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in his soule,
 that he may neyther rede ne sing in holy chirche, ne
 here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaile with his
 hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unfavory
 and all spalled: than wereth he sluggish and slombry,
 and sone wol he be wroth, and sone is he inclined to
 hate and to envie: than cometh the sinne of worldly
 sorwe, swiche as is cleped *Tristitia*, that sleth a man, as
 sayth Seint Poule; for certes swiche sorwe werketh
 to the deth of the soule and of the body also, for ther-
 of cometh that a man is annoied of his owen lif; wher-
 fore swiche sorwe shorteth the lif of many a man or
 that his time is come by way of kinde.

Remedium Accidia.

Ayent this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braun-
 ches of he same, ther is a vertue that is called *For-*
Volume V.

titudo or Strength, that is, an affection thurgh which a man despiseth noyous thinges. This vertue is so mighty and so vigorous that it dare withstond mightily, and wraffle ayenst the assautes of the devil, and wisely kepe himself fro periles that ben wicked, for it enhaunfeth and enforceth the soule, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble; for this *fortitudo* may endure with long sufferance the travailles that ben convenient,

This vertue hath many spices: the first is cleped Magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage; for certes ther behoveth gret corage ayenst accidie, lest that it swalowe the soule by the sinne of sorwe, or destroy it with wanhope. Certes this vertue maketh folk to undertake hard and grevous thinges by hir own will wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst man more by queintesse and sleight than by strength, therefore shal a man withstond him by wit, by reson, and by discretion. Than ben ther the vertues of feith, and hope in God and in his seintes, to acheven and accomplice the good werkes, in the which he purposeth fermely to continue. Than cometh seuretee or sikernes, and that is whan a man ne douteth no travaille in time coming of the good werkes that he hath begonne: than cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performeth gret werkes of goodnesse that he hath begonne, and that is the end why that men shuld do good werkes,

for in the accomplishing of good werkes lieth the gret
guerdon : than is ther constance, that is stablenesse of
corage, and this shuld be in herte by stedfast feith, and
in mouth, and in bering, in chere and in dede. Eke
ther ben mo special remedies ayenst accidie, in divers
werkes, and in consideration of the peines of helle and
of the joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the
Holy Gost, that will yeve him might to performe his
good entent.

De Avaritia.

After accidie wol I speke of avarice and of covetise;
of which sinne Seint Poule sayth, The rote of all harmes
is covetise; for sothly whan the herte of man is con-
founded in itself and troubled, and that the soule hath
lost the comfort of God, than seketh he an idel solas
of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Augustine,
is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly thinges. Som
other folk sayn that avarice is for to purchase many
erthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that han
nede. And understond wel that avarice standeth not
only in land ne catel, but som time in science and in
glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing, is avarice:
and the difference betwene avarice and covetise
is this; covetise is for to covait swiche thinges as
thou hast not, and avarice is to withholde and kepe
swiche thinges as thou hast without rightful nede.
Sothly this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, for

all holy writ curseth it, and spekeith ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and tourneth it backward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more observance in keping of his tresour than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist; and therefore sayth Seint Poul that an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre and an avaricious man; but that an idolastre peradventure ne hath not but o maumet or two, and the avaricious man hath many; for certes every florin in his coffre is his maumet: and certes the sinne of maumetrie is the first that God defended in the ten commandments, as bereth witnesse *Exod.* chap. xx.; Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man that loveth his tresour before God an idolastre. And thurgh this cursed sinne of avarice and coveitise cometh this hard lordships thurgh which men ben distreined by tallages, customes, and cariages, more than hir dutce or reson is; and eke take they of hir bondmen amercementes, which might more resonably be called extor-tions than amercementes; of which amercementes, or raunsoming of bondmen, som lordes stewardes say that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it ne is his lordes, as they say. But

certes thise lordshippes don wrong, that bereven hir bondmen thinges that they never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei, libro ix.* Soth is that the condition of thraldom and the first cause of thraldom was for sinne. *Genesis v.*

Thus may ye see that the gilt deserved thraldom; but not nature; wherfore thise lordes ne shuld not to moche glorifie hem in hir lordshippes, sith that they by naturel condition ben not lordes of hir thralles, but that thraldom came first by the deserte of sinne. And furthermore, ther as the lawe sayth that temporal goodes of bondfolk ben the goodes of hir lord, ye, that is for to understond, the goodes of the emperour, to defend hem in hir right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem; therfore sayth Seneca; The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral, tho that thou clepest thy thralles ben Goddes peple; for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also that of swiche seed as cherles springen of swiche seed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be sayed as the lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl swiche deth taketh the lord; wherfore I rede do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy lord did with thee if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, thou lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel that ther

is degree above degree, as reason is, and skill is, that men do hir devoir ther as it is due; but certes extortion and despit of your underlinges is dampnable.

And furthermore understand wel that thise conquerours or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thraldom was never crist couthe til that Noe sayd that his sone Cham shuld be thrall to his brethren for his sinne. What say we than of hem that pille and don extortions to holy chirche? Certes the sward that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed signifieth that he shuld defend holy chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it; and who so doth is traitour to Crist: as saith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves; for sothly whan the wolf hath full his wombe he stinteth to strangle shepe, but sothly the pillours and destroyers of holy chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne stint never to pille. Now, as I have sayd, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that all this world was in sinne than was all this world in thraldom and in subjection; but certes sith the time of grace came God ordeined that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree: and therefore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles whan they have tourned hem to the feith they make hir thralles free

out of thraldom; and therefore certes the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to the lord. The Pope clepeth himself Servant of the servants of God; but for as moche as the estate of holy chirche ne might not have ben, ne the commun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined that som men have higher degree and som men lower, therefore was soveraintee ordeined to kepe and mainteine, and defend, hire underlinges or hire subjectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound; wherfore I say that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that devoure the possessions or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shal receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to poure folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwix marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understand that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is gostly; that on is honest and lesul, and that other is dishonest and unlesul. The bodily marchandise, that is lesul and honest, is this, that ther as God hath ordeined that a regne or a contree is sufficient to himself, than it is honest and lesul that of the haboundaunce of this contree men helpe another contree that is nedye; and therefore ther must be marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandise. That other marchandise that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with

lesinges and false othes, is right cursed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandise is proprely simonie; that is, ententif desire to buy thing spirituel; that is, thing which apperteineth to the seintuarie of God and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his desire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne, and if he be ordered he is irregular. Certes simonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yeste that God had yeven by the Holy Gost to Seint Peter and to the apostles; and therefore understond ye that both he that selleth and he that byeth thinges spirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleshy praier of his frendes fleshy frendes or spirituel frendes, fleshy in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes; sothly if they pray for him that is not worthy and able it is simonie, if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able ther is non. That other maner is whan man or woman prayeth for ffolk to advancen hem only for wicked fleshy affection which they have unto the persons, and that is foule simonie; but certes in service, for which men yeven thinges spirituel unto hir servants, it must be understonde that the service must be honest or elles not, and also that it be without bargaining, and that the person be able; for (as sayth Seint Damascen) All the sinnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the gre-

greatest sinne in the world, they make hir churche into

rest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Anticrist; for by this sinne God forsleth the churche and the soule, which he bought with his precious blood, by him that yeven churches to him that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stele the soules of Jesu Crist, and destroyen his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preestes and curates han lowed men lesse reverence of the sacramentes of holy churche; and swiche yevers of churches put the children of Crist out, and put into churches the divels owen sones; they sellen the soules that lambs shold hope to the wolf, which strangleth hem, and therefore shall they never have part of the pasture of lambs, that is, in the blisse of heaven. Now cometh hasardrie, with his upertenauntes, as tables and raffles, of which cometh detour, false othes, chidings, and all raving, blaspheming, and reneying of God; hate of his neighbours, wast of goodes, mispending of time, and sometime manslaughter. Certes hasardours ne mow not be without grete sinne. Of avarice comen the lesinges, thefts, false witness, and false othes; and ye shal understonde that these be grete sinnes, and expresse ayent the commandements of God, as I have sayd. False witness is eke in word and in dede; in word, as for to bereve thy neighbours good name by thy false witness, or bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy false witness, when thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, beest false witness, or accuseth him, or excusest thy self falsely. Ware, ye questmongers and notaries! certes for false witness

was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peine, and many another mo. The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes heft, and that in two maners, temporel and spirituel. The temporel theft is as for to take thy neighbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight, be it in meting or mesure, by steling, by false enditements upon him, and in borrowing of thy neighbours catel in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Spirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maners; by reson of the holy place, as chirches or chirches hawes; (for every vilains sinne that men don in swiche places may be called sacrilege, or every violence in semblable places) also they that withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that longen to holy chirche; and, plainly and generally, sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

Remedium Avaritie.

Now shul ye understond that releving of avarice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And men might axe why that misericorde and pitee are releving of avarice? Certes the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man, for he deliteth him in the keeping of his tresour, and not in the rescouing ne releving of his even Cristen: and therefore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth the philosopfre) a vertue by which the corage of man is

stirred by the misese of him that is misefed; upon which misericorde foloweth pitee, in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes of mercie, helping and comforting him that is misefed. And certes this me-
veth a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he yave himself for our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and foryaf us our original sinnes, and thereby relefed us fro the peine of hell, and amehused the peines of Purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, and at the last the blisse of heven. The spices of misericorde ben for to lene, and eke for to yeve, and for to foryeve and relese, and for to have pitee in herte, and compassion of the mischese of his even Cristen, and also to chastise ther as nede is. Another maner of remedy ayenst avarice is resonable largesse; but sothly here behoveth the consideration of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of the temporel goodes, and also of the goodes perdurable that Jesu Crist yave to us, and to have remembrance of the deth which he shal receive, he wote not whan; and eke that he shal forgon all that he hath, save only that which he hath dispended in good werkes.

But for as moche as som folk ben upmesurable, men oughten for to avoid and eschue fool-largesse, the whiche men clepen Waste. Certes he that is fool-large he yeveth not his catel but he leseth his catel: sothly what thing that he yeveth for vaine-glory, as to minstrels, and to folk that bere his renome in the world, he hath do sinne therof, and non almesse: cer-

for he lefeth foule his good that he seketh with the
yefte of his good nothing but sinne: he is like to an
hors that seketh rather to drink drowy or troubled
water than for to drink water of the clere well: and
for as moche as they yeven ther as they shuld nat ye-
ven, to hem apperteineth thilke malison that Crist
shal yeven at the day of dome to hem that shal be
damned.

De Gulā.

After avarice cometh glotonie, which is expresse
ayenst the commandement of God. Glotonie is un-
mesurable appetit to ete or to drinke, or elles to do in
ought to the unmesurable appetit and disordeined co-
nscieñce to ete or drinke. This sinne corrupted all this
world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of
Eve. Loke also what sayth Seint Poul of glotonie;
Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to
you, and now I say it weping, that they ben the ene-
mies of the crosse of Crist, of which the end is deth,
and of which hir wombe is hir God and hir glorie, in
confusion of hem that so servey earthly thinges. He
that is usant to this sinne of glotonie he ne may no
sinne withstond, he must be in servage of all vices, for
it is the devils horde ther he hideth him and resteth.
This sinne hath many spices: the first is dronkennesse,
that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson, and
therefore whan a man is dronke he hath lost his reson;
and this is dedly sinne: but sothly whan that a man

is not wont to strong drinckes, and peradventure ne knoweth not the strength of the drinke, or hath febleness in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodenly caught with drinke it is no dedly sinne but venial. The second spice of glotonie is, that the spirit of a man waxeth all trouble for dronkennesse, and bereveth a man the discretion of his wit. The thridde spice of glotonie is whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath not rightfull manner of eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh the gret abundance of his mete the humours in his body ben distempered. The fifthe is forgetfulnesse by to moche drinking, for which sometime a man forgetteth by the morwe what he did over eve.

In other maner ben distind the spices of glotonie, after Seint Gregorie. The first is for to ete before time; the second is whan a man getteth him to delicate mete or drinke; the thridde is whan men taken to moche over mesure; the fourth is curiositee, with gret entent to maken and appareille his mete; the fift is for to ete greedily. Thise ben the five fingers of the devils hond, by which he draweth folk to the sinne.

Remedium Gule.

Ayent glotonie the remedie is abstinence, as sayth Galien; but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustine wol that abstinence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abstinence (sayth he) is litel worth but if a man have good,

Volume V. R

will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes sake, and in hope to have the blisse in heven.

The felawes of abstinence ben attemperance; that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; also shame, that escheweth all dishonestee; suffisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinckes, ne doth no force of non outrageous appareilling of mete; mesure also, that restraineth by reson the unmesurable appetit of eting; sobernesse also, that restraineth the outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restraineth the delicat ese to sit long at mete, wherfore som folk standen of hir owen will whan they ete, because they wol ete at lesse leiser.

De Luxuria.

After glotonic cometh lecherie, for this two sinnes ben so nigh cosins that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this sinne is ful displefant to God, for he said himself, Do no lecherie; and therefore he putteth gret peine ayenst this sinne: for in the old lawe if a woman thrall were taken in this sinne she shuld be beten with staves to the deth, and if she were a gentilwoman she shuld be slain with stones, and if she were a bishoppes daughter she shuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover, for the sinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five citees with thonder and lightning, and sanke hem down into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne of lecherie, that men clepen Avoutrie, that is of wedded

folk; that is to say, if that on of hem be wedded or elles both. Seint John sayth, that avouterers shal ben in helle in a stakke brenning of fire and of brimstone; in fire for hir lecherie, in brimstone for the stencche of hir ordore. Certes the breking of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was made of God himself in Paradis, and confermed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth Seint Mathew in the Gospel; A man shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they shal be two in on flesh. This sacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And not only that God forbade avourrie in dede, but also he commanded that thou shuldest not covet thy neighboures wif. In this heste (sayth Seint Augustine) is forboden all maner covetise to do lecherie. Lo, what sayth Seint Mathew in the Gospel, that who so seeth a woman to covetise of his lust, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye see that not only the dede of this sinne is forboden, but eke the desire to don that sinne. This cursed sinne annoyeth grevously hem that it haunt; and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to sinne and to peine of deth, which is perdurable; and to the body annoyeth it grevously also, for it drieth him and wasteth and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the fend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance; and certes if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing when that for swiche ordure women dispenden upon; though he be lowly yet may he have up. **Rij** ed of 1590.

men hir catel and hir substance. This sinne, as sayth the prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour; and it is ful plesant to the devil, for therby winneth he the mooste partie of this wretched world: and right as a marchant deliteth him most in that chaffare which he hath most advantage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers, to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The first fingre is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that sleth right as the basilicok sleth folk by venime of his sight, for the covetise of the eyen soloweth the covetise of the herte. The second fingre is the vilains touching in wicked maner; and therefore sayth Salomon, that who so toucheth and handleth a woman he fareth as the man that handleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodenly sleth thurgh his envenoming, or as who so that toucheth warme pitch it shendeth his fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kissing, and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kisse the mouthe of a brenning oven, or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kissen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thise olde dotardes holours, which wol kisse and flicker, and besic hemself though they may nought do: certes they ben like to houndes, for an hound whan he cometh by the roser or by other bushes, though so be that he may not pisse yet wol he heve up

his leg and make a contenance to pisse. And for that many man weneth that he may not sinne for no like-roufnesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is false; God wote a man may flece himself with his owen knif, and make himself drunken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God it is his maumet, and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif by discretien, patiently and attemprely, and than is she as though it were his suster. The fifth fingre of the divels hond is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie this fend putteth in the wombe of a man, and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reines for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shal have the fire and the wormes that ever shul lasten, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thirst, and griflinesse of divels whiche shul all to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, fourden and springen diverse spices; as fornication that is betwene man and woman which ben not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature. All that is enemy and destruction to nature is ayenst nature. Parfay the reson of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne, for as moche as God forbade lecherie; and Seint Poule yeveth hem the regre that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely sinne. Another sinne of lecherie is, to bereve a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that so doth, certes he cast-

eth a mayden out of the highest degree that is in this present lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth the Hundreth Fruit: I ne can say it non otherwise in English, but in Latine it hight *Centesimus fructus*. Certes he that so doth is the cause of many damages and vilanies mo than any man can reken: right as he somtime is cause of all damages that bestes du in the feld that breketh the hedge of the closure, thurgh which he destroyeth that may not be restored; for certes no more may maidenhed be restored than an arme that is smitten fro the body may returne ayen and wexe: she may have mercy, this wote I wel, if that she have will to do penitence, but never shal it be but that she is corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, it is good to shewe the periles that longen to avoutrie, for to eschewe that foule sinne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to saye, approaching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho that somtime were on fleshe abandone hir bodies to other persons. Of this sinne, as sayth the wise man, folow many harmes: firste breking of feith; and certes feith is the key of Cristendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne sothly Cristendom is lorne, and stont vaine and without fruit. This sinne also is theft, for theft generally is to reve a wight his thinges ayenst his will. Certes this is the foulest theft that may be whan that a woman steleth hire body from hire husband, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it, and steleth hire soule fro Crist and yeveth it to the devil: this is a

fouler theste than for to breke a chirche and stele away the chalice; for thise avouterers breken the temple of God spirituelly; and stelen the yessell of grace, that is, the body and the soule, for which Criste shal destroy hem, as sayth Seint Poule. Sothly of this theft doubted gretly Ioseph, whan that his lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he sayde, I.o, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde all that he hath in this world, ne nothing is out of my power but only ye, that ben his wif: and how shuld I than do this wickednesse, and sinne so horribly ayenst God and ayenst my Lord? God it forbede! Alas! all to litel is swiche trouth now yfounde. The thridde harme is the filth thurgh which they breke the commandement of God and defoule the auter of matrimonies, that is Crist; for certes in so moche as the sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so moche is it the greter sinne for to breke it, for God made mariage in Paradis, in the estate of innocencie, to multiplie mankinde to the service of God, and therefore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come false heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages, and therefore wol Crist put hem out of the regne of heaven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time that folk unware wedde or sinne with hir owen kinrede; and namely thise harlottes that haunten bordelles of thise foule women that may be likened to a commune gong wheras men purge hir ordure. What say we also of putours, that live by the horrible

sinne of puterie, and constreine women to yelde hem a certain rent of hir bodily puterie, ye, sometime his owen wif or his childe, as don thise beudes? Certes thise ben cursed sinnes. Understand also that avourtrie is set in the ten commandments betwene theft and manslaughter, for it is the gretest theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of soule; and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth atwo and breketh atwo hem that first were made on flesh; and therefore by the old lawe of God they shuld be slaine, but nachelesse by the lawe of Jesu Crist, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he sayd to the woman that was found in avourtrie, and shuld have be slain with stones, after the will of the Jewes, as was his lawe, Go, said Jesu Crist, and have no more will to do sinne. Sothly the vengeance of avourtrie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if so be that it be discombered by penitence. Yet ben ther no spices of this cursed sinne, as whan that on of hem is religious, or elles both; or of folk that ben entred into ordre, as sub-deken, deken, or preest, or hospitalers; and ever the higher that he is in ordre the greter is the sinne. The thinges that grethly agrege hir sinne is the breking of hir avow of chastitee whan they received the ordre. And moreover, soth is that holy ordre is chiefe of all the treforie of God, and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that they ben joined to chastitee, which is the moste precious lif that is. And thise ordered folk ben specially tited to God, and of the special meinie of God, for which whan they don

dedly sinne they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres availe not to the peple. Preestes ben as angels as by the mysterie of hir dignitee; but forsoth Seint Roule saith that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Sothly the preest that haunteth dedly sinne he may be likened to an angel of derkenesse transformed into an angel of light; he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of derkenesse. Swiche preestes be the sones of Hely, as is shewed in the Book of Kinges that they were the sones of Belial, that is, the diuel. Belial is to say withouten jage, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no jage, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women, for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all a parish or for all a countree. Thise preestes, as sayth the book, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preesthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaied, as saith the book, of sodden flesh that was to hem offred, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes right so thise shrewes ne hold hem not apaied of roasted flesh and sodden with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh, as folkes wives and hir daughters. And certes hise women that consenten to hir harlotrie don gret wrong to Crist and to holy chirche, and to

all halowes and to all soules, for they bereuen all thise hem that shuld worship Crist and holy chirche and pray for Cristen soules; and therefore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmans also that consenten to hir lecherie, the malison of the court Cristen til they come to amendement. The thridde spice of avoutrie is sometime betwix a man and his wif, and that is whan they take no regard in hir assembling but only to hir fleshly delit, as saith Seint Jerome, and ne reckon of nothing but that they ben assembled because they ben married: all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. But in swiche folk hath the diuel power, as said the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir assembling they putten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven hemself to all ordure. The fourth spice is of hem that assemble with hir kinrede, or with hem that ben of an affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kined have deled in the sinne of lecherie: this sinne maketh hem like to houndes that taken no kepe of kinrede. And certes parentele is in two maners, eyther gostly or fleshly: gostly is for to delen with hir godfibbes; for right so as he that engendreth a child is his fleshly father, right so is his godfather his father spirituel, for which a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with hire godfif than with hire owen fleshly broder. The fiftie spice is that abhominable sinne, of which abhominable sinne no man unneth ought to speke no write, natheles it is openly reherfed in holy writ. This cursednesse don men and women in diverse en-

tent and in diuerse maner: but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sonne that shineth on the myxene. Another sinne apperteineth to lecherie that cometh in sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt, and this sinne men call Pollution, that cometh of foure maners: somtime it cometh of languishing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and haboundant in the body of man; somtime of infirmitie, for sebleness of the vertue retentif, as phisike maketh mention; somtime of surfet of mete and drinke; and somtime of vilains thoughtes that ben enclosed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe, which may not be withouten sinne, for whiche men must kepe hem wisely; or elles may they sinne ful greuously.

Now shal we here Remedium Luxurie. On this booke; ad idem

Now cometh the remedy ayenst lecherie, and that is generally chastitee and continence, that restraineth all disordinate mevinges that comen of fleschly talents; and ever the greter merite shal he have that most restraineth the wicked enchaufing or ardure of this sinne; and this is in two maners, that is to say, chastitee in mariage and chastitee in widewhood. Now shalt thou understonde that matrimony is lesful assembling of man and woman that receiven by vertue of this sacrament the bonde thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to say, while that they live bothe. This, as saith the booke, is a ful gret sacrament;

God made it (as I have said) in Paradis; and wold himself be borne in mariage; and for to halowe mariage he was at a wedding wheras he touned water into wine, whiche was the first miracle that he wrought in erthe before his disciples. The trewe effect of mariage clenseth fornication, and repleniseth holy chirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly sinne into venial sinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded as wel as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was established by God er that sinne began, whan naturel lawe was in his right point in Paradis; and it was ordeined that o man shuld have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as sayth Saint Augustine, by many reasons.

First, for mariage is figured betwix Crist and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman, (algate by ordinance it shuld be so) for if a woman had mo men than on than shuld she have mo hedes than on, and that were an horrible thing before God; and also a woman mighte not plesse many folk at ones; and also ther shuld never be pees ne rest among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man shuld knowe his owen engendrure, ne who shuld have his heritage, and the woman shuld be the lesse beloved for the time that she were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man shuld bere him with his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to say, in

fulfrance and irreuerence, and this shewed Crist whan he first made woman; for he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not claime to gret lordshippe, for ther as the woman hath the maistrie she maketh to moche disarray; ther nede non ensamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice: also certes God ne made not woman of the foot of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffer; but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trouth, and in love, as sayth Seint Poble, that a man shuld love his wif as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husbond that telleth Seint Peter: first in obedience; and eke, as sayth the decree, A woman that is a wif, as long as she is a wif, she hath non auctoritee to swere ne bere witnesse without leue of hire husbonde, that is hire lord; algate he shuld be so by reson: she shuld also serve him in all honestee, and ben attempre of hire array. I wete wel that they shuld set hir entent to please hir husbonds, but not by queintise of hir array. Seint Jerom sayth, Wives that ben appareilled in filke and precious purple ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist: Seint Gregorie sayth also, that no wight sekeith precious array but only for vain glorie, to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie a woman

to have a faire array outward and hireself to be foule inward. A wif shuld also be mesurable in loking, inhering, and in laughing, and discrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges she shulde love hire husbonde with all hire herte; and to him be trewe of hire body; so shuld every husbond eke be trewe to his wif; for sith that all the body is the husbondes so shuld hire herte be also, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. Than shul men understond that for three thinges a man and his wif fleshy may assemble. The first is for the entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God, for certes that is the cause final of matrimonic: another cause is to yelde eche of hem to othier the dettes of hir bodies, for neyther of hem hath power of hir owen bodie: the thiridde is for to eschew lecherie and vilanie: the fourth is for soth dedly sinne. As to the first, it is meritorie; the second also; for, as sayth the decree, She hath merite of chastitee that yeldeth to hire husbond the dette of hire body, yē, though it be ayenst hire liking and the lust of hire herte. The thiridde maner is venial sinne. Trewely scarcely may any of thise be without venial sinne for the corruption and for the delit therof. The fourth maner is for to understond, if they assemble only for amorous love and for non of the foresaid causes, but for to accomplish hir brenning delit, they recke not how oft, sothly it is dedly sinne; and yet with forwe som folk wol peine hem more to do than to hir appetit sufficeth.

to The second maner of chastitee is for to be a clene widew, and eschue the embracing of a man, and desire the embracing of Jesu Crist. These ben tho that have ben wives, and have forgon hir husbondes, and eke women that have don lecherie, and ben relived by penance: and certes if that a wif coude kepe hire all chaste, by licence of hire husbond, so that she yave no cause ne non occasion that he agiled, it were to hire a grete merite. This maner of women, that observe chastitee, must be clene in herte as wel as in body, and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in contenance, abstinent in eting and drinking, in speking, and in dede, and than is she the vessel or the boiste of the blessed Magdeleine, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. The thridde maner of chastitee is virginitee; and it behoveth that she be holy in herte and clene of body; than is she the spouse of Jesu Crist, and she is the lif of angels; she is the preising of this world, and she is as thise martirs in egalitee; she hath in hire that tongue may not telle ne herto thinke. Virginitee bare our Lord Jesu Crist, and virgin was himself.

Another remedie against lecherie is specially to withdraw swiche thinges as yeven occasion to that vilanie, as ese, eting, and drinking; for certes when the pot boileth strongly the best remedie is to withdraw the fire. Sleeping long in gret quiet is also a gret nourice to lecherie.

Another remedie ayenst lecherie is, that a man or a woman eschewe the compaignie of hem by which he douteth to be temptid; for all be it so that the dede be withstonden yet is the gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with sticking of a candle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede that no man trust in his owen perfeccion but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the Seven Dedly Sinnes, and som of hir braunches, and the remedies, sothly if I coude I wold tell you the ten commandements; but so high doctrine I lete to divines*: natheles I hope to God they ben touched in this tretise everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the second part of penitence stont in confession of mouth, as I began in the first

* *so high doctrine I lete to divines*.] See before ver. 17366—71, and p. 218, l. 14; "The exposition of this—I betake to the masters of theologie." The secular clergy in the time of Chaucer being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I suppose, to represent the Person as a deep divine, though a very pious worthy priest. The Frere (whose brethren had the largest share of the learning which was then in fashion) is made to speak with great contempt of the parochial pastors, ver. 7590.;

This every lecher, vicar and person
Can say, &c.

And yet in the Person's character, ver. 402, we are told that—
He was also a lered man, a clerk.
It may be doubted therefore whether in these passages Chaucer may not speak for himself, forgetting or neglecting the character of the real speaker.

chapitre, I say Saint Augustine saith, Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men coveiten, ayenst the law of Jesu Crist; and this is for to sinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wirtes, which ben sight, hering, smelling, tasting or favouring, and feeling. Now is it good to understonde the circumstances that agregeen moche every sinne: Thou shalt consider what thou art that dost the sinne, whether thou be male or female; yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or servant, holt or sike, wedded or single, ordered or unordered, wise or foole, clerk or secular, if thou be of thy kinred bodily or gostly or non, if any of thy kinred have sinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumstance is this, whether it be don in fornication or in advoutrie or no, in maner of homicide or non; a horrible gret sinne or smal, and how long thou hast continued in sinne. The thridde circumstance is the place ther thou hast don sinne, whether in other mennes houses or in thine owne, in feld, in chirche, or in churchhawe, in chirche dedicate or non; for if the chirche be halowed, and man or woman spille his kinde within that place, by way of sinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche were enterdited til it were reconceiled by the bishop; and if it were a preest that did swiche vilanie, the terme of all his lif he shuld no more sing masse; and if he did he shuld do dedly sinne at every time that he so song masse. The fourth circumstance is by whiche mediatours, as by

messagers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to here compaignie with felawship, for many a wretche for to here felawship wol go to the diuel of helle; wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the sinne ben partners of the sinne, and of the dampnation of the sinner. The fift circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen; for he that oft falleth in sinne he despiseth the mercy of God, and engrosseth his sinne, and is unkind to Crist, and he waxeth the more feble to withstand sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to shrieve him, and namely to him that hath ben his confessour; for which that folk, when they fall ayen to hir old folies, either they forleten hir old confessour al utterly, or elles they departen hir shrift in divers places: but sothly swiche departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God for hir finnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by what temptation, and if himself procure thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk, or if he sinne with a woman by force or by hire owen assent, or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non; this shal she tell, and wheder it were for covetise or poverte, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath don his sinne, or how that she hath suffered that folk have don to hire: and the same shal the man tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and wheder he hath sinned with

commun' lord & woman or non; or don his sinne in holy times or non in fasting times or non; or before his shrift, or after his later shrift, and hath peraventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos counsell by sorcerie or crafte; all must be told. All these thinges, after that they be gret or smale, engrege the conscience of man or woman. And eke the preest that is thy iuge may the better be awised of his iugement in yeving of penance, and that shal be after thy contrition: for understond wel that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptisme by sinne if he wol come to salvation ther is non other way but by penance, and shrifte, and satisfaction; and namely by the two, if ther be a confessour to whom he may shrive him, and that he first be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have lif to performe it. Than shal a man loke and consider that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confession ther must be foure conditions. First, it must be in sorowful bitternesse of herte, as sayth the King Ezechiel to God, I wol remember all the yerres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte. This condition of bitternesse hath five signes; the first is that confession must be shamefast, not for to coveren or hide his sinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his soule: and hereof sayth Seint Augustin, The herte travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath gret shamefastnesse he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confession of the Publican that wold not heve up his

eyen to heven for he had offended God of heven, for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God; and therfore saith Seint Augustine, that swiche shamed fast folk ben next foryevnesse and mercy. Another signe is humilitee in confession; of whiche sayth Seint Peter, Humbleth you under the might of God; the hand of God is mighty in confession, for therby God foryeveth thee thy sinnes, for he alone hath the power. And this humilitee shal be in herte and in signe outward; for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte, right so shuld he humble his body outward to the preest that sitteth in Goddes place; for which in no maner, sith that Crist is soveraine, and the preest mene and mediatour betwix Crist and the sinner, and the sinner is last by way of reson, than shuld not the sinner sitte as high as his confessour, but knele before him or at his feet, but if maladie distrouble it; for he shal not take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his accorde, and setteth him down anon by the lord, men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy so sone for to have remission ne mercy. The thridde signe is, that the shrift shuld be ful of teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not wepe with hir bodily eyen than let hem wepe in hir herte: swiche was the confession of Seint Peter, for after that he had forsake Jesu Crist he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his

confession; swiche was the confession of Magdeleine,
that he spared for no shame of hem that weren at the
feste to go to our Lord Jesu Crist and beknowe to him
hire sinnes. The fifthe signe is, that a man or a wo-
man be obeisant to receive the penance that hem is
enjoined, for certes Jesu Crist for the gilt of man was
obedient to the deth. *idw of synne to enioyned the pen-
ce*
The second condition of veray confession is, that it
be hastily don; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound,
ever the lenger that he taried to warishe himself the
more wold it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and
also the wound wold be the wense for to hele. And
right so fareth sinne that long time is in a man unshewe-
ed: certes a man ought hastily to shewe his sinnes for
many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh of-
sodenly, and is in no certain what time it shal be ne
in what place; and eke the drenching of o sinne draw-
eth in another; and also the lenger that he tarieth the
ferther is he fro Crist; and if he abide to his last day
scarcely may he thrive him; for remembre him of his
sinnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his
deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif her-
kened Jesu Crist whan he hath spoken unto him, he
shal crie unto our Lord at his last day, and scarcely
wol he herken him. And understonde that this con-
dition muste have foure thinges; first that the shrift
be purveyed afore, and avised, for wicked hast doth
not profite; and that a man con thrive him of his sinnes,
be it of pride, or envie, and so forth with the spices

and circumstances, and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretnesse of his sinnes; and how longe he hath lien in sinne, and eke that he be contrite for his sinnes, and be in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never este to fall into sinne; and also that he drede and countrewaite himself that he flee the occasions of sinne to whiche he is inclined: also thou shalt shrive thee of all thy sinnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man and parcelmele to another; that is to understonde, in entent to depart thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule; for certes Jesu Crist is entirely all good, in him is non imperfection, and therfore either he foryeveth all parfitly or elles never a dele: I say not that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certain sinne that thou art bounde to shewe him all the remenant of thy sinnes of whiche thou hast ben shriven of thy curat but if it like thee of thyn humilitee; this is no departing of shrift: ne I say not, ther as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive thee to a discrete and an honest preest, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayest wel shrive thee to him of all thy sinnes: but lete no blot be behind; lete no sinne be untolde as fer as thou hast remembrance. And whan thou shalt be shriven of thy curat tell him eke all the sinnes that thou hast don sith thou were laste shriven: this is no wicked entente of division of shrift.

Also the veray shrift axeth certain conditions. First,

that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constrained,
ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other
thinges, for it is reson that he that trespasseth by his
free will that by his free will he confesse his trespass;
and that non other man telle his sinne but himself; ne
he shal not nay ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst
the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The
second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful; that is
to say, that thou that shriveest thee, and eke the preest
that hereth thy confession, be veraily in the feith of
holy chirche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of
the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And
eke a man muste accuse himself of his owen trespass;
and not another; but he shal blame and wite himselfe
of his owen malice and of his sinne, and non other;
but natheles if that another man be encheson or enti-
cer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche
by which his sinne is aggregated, or elles that he may
not plainly shrive him but he tell the person with
whiche he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his
entent ne be not to backbite the person, but only to
declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy con-
fession for humilitee, peraventure to say that thou hast
committed and don swiche sinnes of which that thou
ne were never guilty; for Seint Augustine sayth, If that
thou, because of thir humilitee, makest a lesing on thy-
self, though thou were not in sinne before yet arte thou
than in sinne thurgh thy lesing. Thou must also shew

thy sinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dōmbe, and not by no letter; for thou that hast don the sinne thou shalt have the shame of the confession. Thou shalt not eke peint thy confession with faise and subtil wordes, to cover the more thy sinne, for than begilest thou thyself and not the preest: thou must tell it plainly, be it never so foule ne so horrible. Thou shalt eke shrive thee to a preest that is discrete to conseille thee; and eke thou shalt not shrive thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocrisie, ne for no cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist and the hele of thy soule. Thou shalt not eke renne to the preest al sodenly to tell him lightly thy sinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale, but avisedly and with good devotion; and generally shrive thee ofte: if thou ofte fall ofte arise by confession. And though thou shrive thee after than ones of sinne which thou hast be shriven of it is more merite; and, as sayth Seint Augustine, Thou shalt have the more lightly release and grace of God both of sinne and of peine. And certes ones a yere at the lest way it is lawful to be houseled, for sothely ones a yere all thinges in the erthe renovelen.

Explicit secunda pars penitentia, et sequitur tertia pars.

Now have I told you of veray confession, that is the seconde part of penitence; the thridde part is satisfaction, and that stont most generally in almesse dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almesse; contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himself to God; another is to have pitee of the defeaute of

his neighbour; and the thridde is in yeving of good conseil gostly and bodily wher as men have nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thise thinges generally; he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conseilling and visiting in prison and in maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maiest not visite the nedeful in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy message and thy yestes: thise ben generally the almesse and werkes of charitee of hem that have temporel riches or discretion in conseilling. Of thise werkes shalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almesse shuldest thou do of thy propre thinges, and hastily and prively, if thou mayest; but natheles if thou mayest not do it prively thou shalt not forbere to do almesse though men see it, so that it be not don for thanke of the world, but only to have thanke of Jesu Crist; for, as witnesseth Seint Mathewe, *chap. v.* A ci-tee may not be hid that is sette on a mountaine, ne men light not a lanterne to put it under a bushell, but setten it upon a candlesticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right so shal your light lighten before men, that they mowe see your good werkes, and glorifie your fader that is in heven.

Now as for to speke of bodily peine, it stont in praiers, in waking, in fasting, and in vertuous techings. Of orisons ye shul understond, that orisons or prayers

is to say a pitous will of herte, that setteth it in God, and expresseth it by word outward, to remeue harmes, and to have thinges spirituel and perdurable, and sometime temporel thinges; of which orisons certes in the orison of the *Pater noster* hath Jesu Crist enclosed most thinges: certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer, for that Jesu Crist himself made it; and it is short, for it shuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more esie in herte, and helpe himself the oster with this orison, and for a man shuld be the lesse wery to say it, and for a man may not excuse him to lerne it, it is so shorte and so esie, and for it comprehendeth in himself all good prayers. The exposition of this holy prayer, that is so excellent and so digne, I betake to the maisters of theologic; save thus moche wol I say, that whan thou prayest that God shuld foryeve thee thy giltes as thou foryevest hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy orison amenufeth eke venial sinne, and therfore it apperteineth specially to penitence.

This prayer must be trewely sayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordinally, discretely, and devoutly: and alway a man shal put his will to be subgette to the will of God. This orison must eke be sayd with gret humbleffe, and ful pure and honestly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman: it must eke be continued with werkes of charitee: it availeth eke ayenst the vices of the soule;

for, as sayth Seint Jerome, By fasting ben saved the vices of the flesh, and by prayer the vices of the soule.

After this thou shalt understonde that bodily peine stont in waking; for Jesu Crist sayth, Wake ye and pray ye that ye ne enter into wicked temptation. Ye shul understond also that fasting stont in three thinges, in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly sinne; this is to say, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understonde also that God ordeined fasting, and to fasting apperteineth foure thinges; largenesse to poure folk, gladnesse of herte spirituel, not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he fasteth, and also resonable houre for to ete by mesure, that is to say, a man shal not ete in untime, ne sit the longer at the table for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understonde that bodily peine stont in discipline, or teching by word or by writing, or by ensample, also in wering of here or of stamin, or of habergeons, on hir naked flesh for Cristes sake. But ware thee wel that swiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyself, for better is to cast away thin here than to cast away the swetenesse of our Lord Jesu Crist; and therfoe sayth Seint Poule, Clothe you as they that ben chosen of God in herte, of misericorde, debonairete, sustenance, and swiche maner of clothing, of whiche Jesu Crist is more plesed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is discipline eke in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulation, in suffering patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient suffering of maladies, or lesing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understond which thinges distourben penance, and this is in foure maners; that is, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope; that is, desperation. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he may suffre no penance, ther ayenst is remedie for to thinke that bodily penance is but short, and litel at regard of the peine of helle, that is so cruel and so longe that it lasteth withouten ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to shrive him, and namely these ipocrites, that wold be holden so parfit that they have no nede to shrive hem, ayenst that shame shuld a man thinke, that by way of reson he that hath not ben ashamed to do foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessions. A man shuld also thinke that God seeth and knoweth al his thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men shuld eke remembre hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome to hem that ben not penitent in this present lif; for all the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, shul see apertly all that they hidden in this world.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem that ben so

negligent and slowe to shrive hem, that stonde in two maners; that on is that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche riches for his delit, and than he wol shrive him, and, as he sayeth, he may, as him semeth, than timely ynough come to shrift; another is the surquedrie that he hath in Cristes mercie. Ayenst the first vice he shal thinke that our lif is in no sikernesse, and eke that all the riches in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadowe on a wall; and, as sayth Seint Gregorie, that it apperteineth to the gret rightwisnesse of God that never shal the peine stinte of hem that never wold withdrawe hem from sinne, hir thanks, but ever continue in sinne. For thilke perpetuel will to don sinne shall they have perpetuel peine.

Wanhope is in two maners: the first wanhope is in the mercie of God; that other is that they think that they ne might not long persever in goodnesse. The first wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath sinned so gretly and so oft, and so long lye in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenst that cursed wanhope shulde he think that the passion of Jesu Crist is more stronge for to unbinde than sinne is strong for to binde. Ayenst the second wanhope he shal thinke that as often as he falleth he may arisen again by penitence; and though he never so longe hath lye in sinne the mercie of Crist is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenst that wanhope that he demeth he

shuld not long perfever in goodnesse he shal think,
that the feblenesse of the devil may nothing do but if
men wol suffre him; and eke he shal have strength of
the helpe of Jesu Crist, and of all his churche, and of
the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shal men understonde what is the fruit of pe-
nance; and after the wordes of Jesu Crist it is an ende-
les blisse of heven; ther joye hath no contrariositee of
wo ne grevance; ther all harmes ben passed of this pre-
sent lif; ther as is sikernes from the peines of helle;
ther as is the blisful compaignie that rejoycen hem ever
mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man,
that whilom was foule and derke, is more cleere than
the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was fike and
frele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong
and so hole that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther
as is neither hunger, ne thurst, ne colde, but every
soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing
of God. This blisful regne mowe men purchase by po-
verte spirituell, and the glory by lowlinesse, the plen-
tee of joye by hunger and thurst, and the reste by tra-
vaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of sinne:
to which life he us bring that bought us with his pre-
cious blood! Amen.

Now preye I to hem alle * that herken this litel tre-
* *Now preye I to hem alle, &c.* What follows being found,
with some small variations, in all complete mss. (I believe) of
The Canterbury Tales, and in both Caxton's editions, which
were undoubtedly printed from mss. there was no pretence to
leave it out in this edition, however difficult it may be to give

life or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem that therof they thanken our Lord Jesu Crist, any satisfactory account of it.---I must first take notice that this passage in ms. *A*. 1. is introduced by these words---

Here taketh the maker his leve---

and is concluded by these---

Here endeth The Persones Tale.

In ms. *A*. 2. there is a similar introduction and conclusion in Latin: at the beginning---“*Hic capit auctor licentiam*”---and at the end---“*Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narrationes hujus libri de quibus composuit Chaucer, cujus anime propicietur Deus. Amen.*”---These two mss. therefore, may be considered as agreeing in substance with those mss. mentioned in the *Discourse*, &c. § 42, in which this passage makes part of The Persones Tale. One of them is described by Hearne in his letter to Bagford, *App. to R. G.* p. 661, 2.---In ed. Ca. 2, as quoted by Ames, p. 56, it is clearly separated from The Persones Tale, and entitled---*The Prayer*.---In the mss. in which it is also separated from The Persones Tale I do not remember to have seen it distinguished by any title either of Prayer, or Revocation, or Retraction, as it is called in the Preface to ed. *Urr.* If we believe what is said in p. 225, l. 4, Chaucer had written a distinct piece entitled his *Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compositions.---The just inference from these variations in the mss. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on, that different copists have given this passage the title that pleased them best, and have attributed it to the Person or to Chaucer, as the matter seemed to them to be most suitable to the one or the other.---Mr. Hearne, whose greatest weakness was not his incredulity, has declared his suspicion “that the Revocation (meaning this “whole passage) is not genuine, but that it was made by the “monks.” [*App. to R. G.* p. 603.] I cannot go quite so far: I think if the monks had set about making a Revocation for Chaucer, to be annexed to The Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The same objection lies to the supposal that it was made by himself.---The most probable hypothesis which has occurred to me for the solution of these difficulties is to suppose that the beginning of this passage (except the words *or redenit*, above, l. 1,) and the end make together the

of whom procedeth all witte and all godenesse; and if ther be any thing that displeseth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unknowing, and not to my wille, that wold sayn have seyde better if I hadde had konning; for oure boke seyth, All that is writen is writen for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente; wherfore I beseke you mekely, for genuine conclusion of The Persones Tale, and that the middle part, which I have enclosed between hooks, is an interpolation. — It must be allowed, I think, (as I have observed before in the *Discourse*, &c. § 42.) that the appellation of *littel treist* suits better with The Persones Tale taken singly than with the whole work. The doubt expressed above, l. 2, “if there be any thing that displeseth,” &c. is very agreeable to the manner in which the Persones speaks in his Prologue, ver. 17366. [See the note on p. 208.] The mention of “verray penance, confession, and satisfaction,” in p. 227, l. 11, seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker’s preceding discourse; and the title given to Christ, in p. 228, l. 1, *Prete of alle pretes*, seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a priest. — So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Persones. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable that Chaucer might be persuaded, by the religious who attended him in his last illness to revoke or retract certain of his Works, or at least that they might give out that he had made such retractions as they thought proper. In either case it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these retractions to The Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison, and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to The Persones Tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words *or reden it*, in p. 223, l. 1, to convert that Epilogue from an address of the Persones to his *hearers* into an address of Chaucer to his *readers*. — But leaving these very uncertain speculations I will say a few words upon those *endytynge of worldly vanities* which are here supposed to have sitten heavy on our Author’s conscience.

the mercie of God, that ye preye for me that Crist have mercie of me and foryeve me my giltyes, [and namely of myn Translations and enditinges of worldly vanities, the which I revoke in my Retractions; as The Boke of Troilus *, The Boke also of Fame †, The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies ‡, The Boke of The

* *The Boke of Troilus*] It has been said in the *Essay*, &c. n. 61, that the *Troilus* is borrowed from the *Filoftrato* of Boccace. This is evident not only from the fable and characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian: at the same time there are several long passages and even episodes in the *Troilus* of which there are no traces in the *Filoftrato*; of these therefore it may be doubted whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some complete copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, b. ii. 14, and in two passages he quotes his author by the name of *Lollius*, b. i. 394--421, and b. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the *Filoftrato*, but the former (in which the 102d sonnet of Petrarch is introduced) is not. What he says of having translated out of Latin need not make any difficulty, as the Italian language was commonly called *Latino volgare*; [see the quotation from the *Theseida*, *Discourse*, &c. n. 9,] and Lydgate [*Prol. to Boccace*] expressly tells us that Chaucer translated—

A boke which called is *Trophe*,
In Lombard tonge, as men may rede and see.

How Boccace should have acquired the name of *Lollius*, and the *Filoftrato* the title of *Trophe*, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

† *The Boke of Fame*] Chaucer mentions this among his Works in *The Leg. of G. W.* ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of Wools, &c. [see b. ii. ver. 144--8,] and consequently after the year 1374. See *App. to Pres. G.* vol. I.

‡ *The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies*] This is the reading of all the mss.; if it be genuine it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's Works was not drawn up by himself,

Duchesse*, The Boke of Seint Valentines Day† of the Parlement of Briddes, The Tales of Canterbury ‡, thilke that sounen unto sinne, The Boke of The Leon||, as there is no ground for believing that The Legende of Good Women ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of five-and-twenty ladies. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

* *The Boke of The Duchesse*] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravaliere [*Poes. du R. de N. Gloss. v. Belee*] has cited from ms. *Du Roi*, N^o 7612, with Chaucer's description of his heroine, [ver. 817, *et seq.*] I find that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former; I should not therefore be surprised if upon a further examination of that ms. it should appear that our Author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

† *The Boke of Seint Valentines Day, &c.*] In the edit. *The Assemblée of Foules*. Chaucer himself, in *The Leg. of G. W.* ver. 419, calls it *The Parlement of Foules*. See the note on ver. 1920, and *App. to Pref. C.* note (c.) vol. I.

‡ *The Tales of Canterbury, &c.*] If we suppose that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his *Canterbury Tales*, it must appear rather extraordinary that he should mention those Tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other Works; it would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

|| *The Boke of The Leon*] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate, [*Prolog. to Boccace*,] but no ms. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of *Le dit du Lion*, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. *Acad. des Ins.* t. xx. p. 379, 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to *Poes. du Roi de N. v. Arrouers Bachelier*.—Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptionable Works to have been

and many an other Bokes, if they were in my remembrance, and many a Song and many a lecherous Lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the sinne! but of The translation of Boes of Consolation, and other Bokes of Legendes of Seints, and of Omelies, and Moralite, and Devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blisful mother, and alle the seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodien to the savation of my soule,] and graunte me grace, of verray penance, confession and satisfaction to don in this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him drawn up by himself or by any other perion, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Rom. de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition (as is most probable) he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness in sentiment as well as diction than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370 of the original, [ver. 5810, ed. *Urr.*] and beginning again at ver. 11253, ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his ms. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304 incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered if they had consulted the French original. — A bachelor who dances with Franchise is said to resemble

The Lordes sonne of Wyndesore. —

R. R. ver. 1250.

This seems to be a compliment to the young princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III. who is certainly meant by the Lord of Windsor. In the French it is simply — *Il sembloit estre filz de Roy.*

that is King of kinges and Preste of alle prestes, that
 bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that
 I mote ben on of hem atte the laste day of dome that
 shullen be saved; *Qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu sancto vi-
 vis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.*

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Nonnes Preeftes Prologue,	5
The Nonnes Preeftes Tale,	7
The Second Nonnes Tale,	36
The Chanones Yemannes Prologue,	57
The Chanones Yemannes Tale,	64
The Manciples Prologue,	93
The Manciples Tale,	98
The Persones Prologue,	108
The Persones Tale,	113

From the APOLLO PRESS,

by the MARTINS,

Nov. 23. 1782.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.



